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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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HENEY'S REMARKABLE VOTE

INSTEAD of Francis J. Heney being ingloriously defeated at the direct primaries in San Francisco, Tuesday, as the rabid anti-Heney, pro-Calhoun morning paper asserts, an examination of the returns proves decidedly the opposite. Here is a man whose name was not on any of the three tickets in the field, yet who polled upward of 7,400 votes, every one written in by hand. This, too, after he had stated that he would run by petition, and had requested the electorate of San Francisco to refrain from voting for him at the primaries. Does this look like defeat? Far from it. Think of it! Of the Republicans, 4,364 wrote his name on the ticket, while only 11,658 are credited to Fickert, the regular nominee. On the Democratic ticket he was given 2,384, receiving a slight majority, which enables the voters of the entire city to indorse or reject him at the coming election. It is a remarkable expression, to our way of thinking.

It is evident that a determined effort was made to eliminate Heney entirely, but the Democratic majority he received now gives him a party standing. In the mayoralty struggle William Crocker, the negative candidate on the regular Republican ticket, defeated Byron Mauzy, indorsed by the independent Republican clubs, by fewer than five hundred votes, according to the returns available at this writing. Considering that R. H. Countryman was injected into the fight to draw votes from Mauzy, his following topping the three thousand mark, the victory for Crocker signifies but little, except that it eliminates Mauzy's name from the election ballot later. The unfortunate part of it is that Mauzy was pledged to a continuance of the reform policies seeking to redeem the northern city, while Crocker is non-committal on all the important public questions, such as the Hetch-Hetchy water proposition, the gas rates, the lower Market street right of way and the resubmission of the Geary street bond project. Where Mauzy was frank and specific in dealing with the agitating questions, Crocker dodged and evaded. In spite of the tremendous efforts of the corporations, including the Calhoun personal effort to defeat Mauzy, but for the presence of Countryman in the race the good government candidate would have succeeded.

San Francisco is the first city in the state to test the new direct primary law and with a total

vote in excess of thirty-three thousand there would seem to be no question that insofar as inducing citizens to go to the polls, it is a success. True, only about 40 per cent of the registered vote of the northern metropolis was cast, but as compared with results under the old primary law, this is a remarkable increase, and indicates that with a fuller realization of the significance of the direct primary contest a gratifying percentage of those entitled to vote will record its preference.

M'LACHLAN'S NAÏVE ADMISSIONS

JAMES M'LACHLAN, representative from the Seventh (Los Angeles) congressional district, back from the special session called to revise the tariff, in an interview in the Pasadena Star, admits what The Graphic long ago pointed out was the inevitable result of the demands of the California delegation for increased duties. After telling us that he and his associates "got practically every California industry 'protected'" he naively adds, "in a satisfactory and almost astonishing way!" Then follows the confession:

Because of this, we Californians naturally had to help out other members who wanted protection for particular products of their sections. It is for this reason that we came to be considered standpatters; and perhaps we deserved the term; but, anyway, we had to take that stand, because of the great concessions we were getting for our own constituents.

In other words, the robbing system compelled our delegation to help to perpetuate rank injustices to consumers at large, in order that this section should have its proportion of the plunder. With a general revision downward, the Dingley protective duties on California products need not have been disturbed; they might even have shared measurably in a reduction, providing the tariff cuts on industries no longer requiring coddling were honestly made. Viewed from the selfish standpoint, perhaps Mr. McLachlan is correct in saying California "has no kick coming," as he forcibly, if inelegantly, expresses it, but if he thinks "the nation at large is pleased," as he asserts, we believe him to be egregiously mistaken.

However, we discern a ray of hope even from this self-confessed standpatter. After reverting to the pernicious "logrolling" which is a shameful concomitant of the high tariff tactics, he reaches this sensible conclusion:

I am strongly in favor of a permanent tariff commission, that could sift these facts out, and present them to congress in an impartial manner on which we could place some reliance. We have been too long put at the mercy of selfish interests, each trying to sway us according to his own desires.

Really, this almost reads like an excerpt from The Graphic's editorials on the same question. It is true, as Mr. McLachlan asserts, that in times past, a committee of experts reported to congress its investigations, which findings were accepted or rejected in accordance with the dictates of the predatory interests behind the ways and means and finance committees of the two houses. But that was in the days of blind faith of the masses in the protection shibboleth, when the humbug cry of "protection to American labor" was so generally accepted as gospel truth, that the privileged monopolies could rule the roost with impunity. Now, the situation has changed. The American consumer has cut his wisdom tooth and now snaps his incisors savagely when he reflects how easy a mark he has been. "Times have changed," said the cat's meat man.

As to his support of the impossible Cannon for speaker, that, again, Mr. McLachlan explains, was for policy's sake—the sake of being reappointed to a committee that would enable him to serve his district better. Commendable, of course, from a selfish viewpoint, but assailable and censurable from every larger, broader principle. Regarding the proposed federal steamship line on the Pacific coast, to operate between northern

ports, San Pedro and Panama, the congressman hopes to get the bill passed at the next session. We may be pardoned for smiling when Mr. McLachlan announces that his line is to be a strong competitor of the transcontinental roads, "which, of course, will bitterly oppose enactment of the bill."

Mr. McLachlan is no better, no worse than his colleagues who voted for the Payne tariff bill. He is a victim of the system, that is all. It makes cowards and time-servers of the average congressman who is not endowed with the courage of a Beveridge, a Cummins, a Bristow or a LaFollette. For what he and his kind have done for Pacific coast special interests we suppose the people, not directly interested in the products benefited, should be duly and truly thankful, but we cannot forget that a great principle has been derided and the implied promises of the Republican party ruthlessly ignored. For this Mr. McLachlan and his associates one day must pay the price.

ALEXANDER—AND A PREDICTION

CONSPICUOUS by its absence from the list of names appended to a petition, urging "Uncle George" Alexander to become a candidate to succeed himself as mayor, is that of Mr. Meyer Lissner, one of the most earnest members as he is the most astute of the reform forces that have accomplished so much for the political civic uplift of Los Angeles. What does this mean? We take it that Mr. Lissner, whose pre-eminence in local campaigns has been put to severe test in the past, and not found wanting, is convinced that the people, while respecting the many good qualities of Mr. Alexander, believe his mentalities are hardly capable of coping with the serious municipal problems that confront us, due to the recent consolidation with the harbor cities. A younger, broader-minded, better-equipped candidate should have been selected to head the reform party ticket and insure that victory which is so vital to the best interests of the community.

When Alexander was elected to serve out Mayor Harper's unexpired term, he was explicit in saying that he would not run again; that he had accepted the nomination under protest and in conformity to a sense of duty. We commented at the time on this announcement and ventured that the habit of holding office was too strong to be lightly set aside, and that his political backers would discover, later, in him an Old Man of the Sea. Events have shown the correctness of this prognosis. With consummate skill "Uncle George" has inveigled his creators into line and in the language of the Ninth ward, has made them "come across," all but Mr. Lissner, who declines to join the procession. We give the mayor full credit for his clever jockeying. He is no spring chicken in politics, and with notable shrewdness he has accomplished his purpose—a purpose, doubtless, from which he has never deviated.

Mr. Lissner has not forgotten the narrow margin by which the recall mayor was elected. That an avowed Socialist, practically unknown, should be able to poll within sixteen hundred votes of the candidate, in support of whom all the hosts of good government were allied, was a handwriting not to be ignored by so close a student of the political situation as Meyer Lissner. That he views with keen regret the menace to reform policies which Alexander's self-forcing candidacy entails is obvious. This danger we have adverted to in the past and it was because we regarded his nomination as threatening the recall that we felt impelled to refrain from advocating his election. To his good qualities, revealed as supervisor, we were not blind, but they did not seem to warrant an endorsement of the county official to the executive chair of a great city.

Honesty is at all times desirable, but is the situation so deplorable, is honesty so rare an at-

tribute in a public official that its acquirement shall entitle the possessor to aspire to the highest and most responsible of civic offices? We demand an honest man, but that is not the sole requisite; we must have that and much more. Uncle George's educational limitations do not commend him for the position. He is handicapped, perhaps through no fault of his own. But what a reflection on the citizenry at large to select so inadequate a representative to grapple with the many difficult questions that must come before the executive in the ensuing two years. Los Angeles is advertising her paucity of brilliant men by so antiquated and uncultivated a choice. This reflection on the metropolis of Southern California is what we resent, and why we refuse to support the old gentleman in his towering ambition.

There is a well-defined rumor that the Republican city convention, called to "suggest" the name of a likely candidate around whom all Republicans can rally, regardless of internece differences, may urge the name of Mr. Perry W. Weidner, the well-known banker. If such should prove the case, his selection should be endorsed, although the presence of Mr. Oscar E. Farish, as the candidate of the local Democratic party, would inject considerable spice into the campaign. We have a high regard for Mr. Farish, and his election could be regarded with complacency by all lovers of good government, but as between Alexander, Farish and Weidner, we have no hesitation in predicting that the latter would sweep the field. Broad of view, with a trained mind, sterling honesty and great strength of character, Mr. Weidner appeals to us as an ideal candidate, considering all the needs of this ambitious and growing city.

DEAN OF DRAMATIC CRITICS RETIRES

After more than forty years of conscientious, high-class work, fit exponent of finished, polished diction for the younger school of writers to emulate, Mr. William Winter, dean of dramatic critics in America, has severed his connection with the New York Tribune, and in all probability will retire to his California residence at Mentone, there to finish, amid ideal surroundings, the several literary projects his active brain has partially completed. Notable among these will be an analytical life of his close friend, Richard Mansfield, which many of us are awaiting with impatient longing. Mr. Wilstach's life of the distinguished actor was admirable in its way, but it hardly more than scratched the surface; Mr. Winter's work will supply what the younger biographer's story lacked.

Three notable books have come from Mr. Winter's pen within a year: "Other Days," a reminiscent glance at the American stage for the last half century, with sketches, anecdotes and artistic estimates of the men and women who have adorned the stage in that time, personally known to the author; "Old Friends," a delightful series of recollections of a band of famous writers whose prose and poetry have given luster to American literature since 1860; and an edition de luxe of his own poems, whose charm is centered in their sweet lyrical qualities. It is well that Mr. Winter should relinquish his daily tasks in journalism while his strength remains to give to the country that which is of his finest finished product.

Mr. Winter is the last of the Old Guard; the only surviving member of that band of New York bohemians who, in the sixties, were wont to gather at Pfaff's, on Broadway, in New York City, and worship the muse, their ardor being in nowise diminished by the fact that the price of their dinner as likely as not meant the foregoing of breakfast next morning. Of that coterie were Fitz-James O'Brien, Sol Eytinge, Jr., Walt Whitman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George Arnold, Charles Dawson Shanly and others whose names are less familiar to the student of American literature of the sixties. His warm personal friends included, besides, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, George Henry Boker, George William Curtis, Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Artemus Ward, Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Of this brilliant array all are gone. Mr. Winter alone survives.

It is a distinct pleasure to the lover of good,

sane English, of pure diction, of high ideals, to read Mr. Winter's classic prose and still more charming poetry. His is the true lyric spirit, with fine imagination and lofty standards. His poems breathe tender sentiment and simple faith. They reflect friendship and love, are in touch with nature's softer moods and commemorate notable events in a most felicitous manner. The coming of this gentle poet and scholarly prose writer to California, as a permanent resident, is a pleasing thought. As those who are near and dear to him live in Los Angeles, doubtless, this city often will be honored by a visit, Mentone being only sixty or seventy miles from the metropolis.

BEAUTY AND THE BAR

SECRETARY FILCHER of the Agricultural State Fair is in high glee over the liberal advertising his project has received to give free distribution of native wines at the Sacramento fair this fall, served by a quartet of pretty native daughters. The barmaid idea seems to have aroused the temperance associations to a sense of action, and strong resolutions against the plan have been passed by the various state organizations and the protests forwarded to Mr. Filcher, who rubs his hands and insatiably cries for more. This may be exasperating to the protestants, but the secretary sees in this publicity largely increased attendance at the fair.

He points out that the distribution of samples of fermented grape juice is no novel procedure. It has been a practice for years and no untoward results have been observed in the past. Young persons are not "treated;" in fact their presence in the booth is not wanted, according to the secretary. As to making a man tipsy, that is impossible, since one glass of wine is the extent of the hospitality. The innovation of pretty, captivating Hebes is not for the purpose of enticing youth to his fall, but merely to render more attractive that department of the fair given over to the exhibition of native wines. In view of the above, it would seem that the Sacramento county executive board of the W. C. T. U. was a trifle severe in "whereasing" that such free distribution of fermented grape juice, as contemplated, will be to the physical and moral corruption of the young men and women who will frequent the fair. As to whether the young womanhood of the state will be "smirched" by the employment of four beautiful girls to dole out the samples, we confess this is too abstruse a question to be settled by a layman.

We can conceive of employment more reflective upon their sex than the serving of wine in daylight under the fatherly eyes of a conservative committee. Nor do we believe these native Hebes will ever emulate the example of that famous cupbearer to Jupiter, who was dismissed by her putative father for misbehaving at a grand festival to the gods. After that, Ganymede or Ganymedes became official nectar pourer and Hebe consoled herself by marrying Hercules. If the four beautiful young women, said to be selected to officiate, should be legislated out of office by reason of the protests noted, perhaps they may be able to gain consolation similar to that experienced by the daughter of Juno. Where the immortals had but one Hercules, California has a legion, and surely four will be found willing to give comfort to an equal number of distressed Hebes.

BLONDES UNFAIRLY STIGMATIZED

DOUBTLESS, Dr. Charles E. Woodruff has convinced himself that the blonde type of individual is more prone to crime than the brunette, but he will have difficulty in making converts to his theory. It is admitted that the auburn-haired girl usually is more intense than her dark-haired sister, but the pure blonde, to the contrary, is inclined to be lymphatic and rather lazy than otherwise. Criminals, as a rule, are of the nervously alert type, which is not characteristic of the blonde person. A Chicago doctor points out that the only difference between blondes and brunettes is in the coloring of the pigment cells and, so far as he can see, that has absolutely no influence upon one's physical or moral stamina.

Upon what aggregation of statistics does Surgeon-Major Woodruff base his conclusions? Be-

cause the prisons of New York state chance to have a preponderance of blonde inmates at this time proves nothing, fundamentally. That is merely a coincidence. If, as Dr. Thomas points out, he had put five hundred thousand blondes and an equal number of brunettes under precisely the same kind of environment, work, and diet for ten years or more, subjecting them to close personal observation meanwhile, the conclusions reached at the end of a decade would be entitled to considerable respect. The investigations of Surgeon Woodruff are too scanty to deserve more than a temporary elevation of eyebrows.

Dr. Woodruff may hold that the blonde type, being less energetic, is more likely to yield to temptation, but that is hardly a scientific hypothesis. If an abundant head of hair—whether of golden or raven hue matters not—is woman's crown of glory, and is only skin deep, how can that possibly affect her morals? The same argument, of course, applies to man. Criminal instincts, on the contrary, are much deeper imbedded and often are the result of environment or of hereditary transmission. A hair follicle is not to be regarded as a crime germ, Dr. Woodruff to the contrary nevertheless. Our modern Sabrinas may rest serene in their "amber dropping hair," unruffled by the thought that penitentiaries yawn for them. What a shock to all our "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair," if they found themselves predestined to crime. Think of gazing into blue eyes and shuddering at this incipient evidence of evil! Dr. Woodruff's trade mark of crime needs to be readjusted to square with common sense.

PROMPT REDRESS AT PANAMA NEEDED

IF BERNARD N. BAKER'S recommendations to President Taft are transmitted to congress next winter, and considered favorably by that body, all hope of an independent competing steamship line, under government control, plying between Pacific coast ports and Panama, will go by the board, and with it Representative McLachlan's alleged pet project. Mr. Baker, at the request of the President, has been investigating the freight charges of the Panama railway, a federal institution, and has unearthed a curious state of affairs. Rank discrimination against American shippers and in favor of European countries prevails. A comparison of railroad charges from Colon to Panama in every instance reveals a higher rate if shipments are from New York than is true of European merchandise. Mr. Baker says:

The rate from the east coast of the United States to the west, via the Panama railroad and the Pacific Mail steamship line, on machinery, from New York to San Francisco, is \$36 a ton; from Europe to San Francisco, \$18.82. Panama railroad charges from Colon to Panama, if from New York, \$8.10 a ton; if from Europe, \$4.59 a ton. Pacific Mail Steamship Company, from Panama to San Francisco, if from New York, \$18 a ton; if from Europe, \$7.64 a ton.

There would appear to be no good excuse for these invidious charges, and why American shipping is so unfairly treated by a railroad owned by the United States calls for secretarial interference at once, pending the action of congress. In commenting upon this astonishing condition, the San Francisco Call remarks that Mr. Baker is polite enough to say that the rates are perhaps an inheritance from the old order of things, but it sees in this only another instance of the laziness so often characteristic of officialdom. In view of his discoveries, Mr. Baker does not favor the establishment of a government line of steamships on the Pacific coast, but—and here is the bad feature of his report—he thinks the government should encourage an independent line to compete for the Panama trade by feeding it with mail contracts or subsidies. He seems to be imbued with the belief that this will conduce to successful competition with the overland railroads.

Both Senator Flint and Representative McLachlan are recommended by the Call to cast favorable eye on Mr. Baker's recommendations, but we fail to see wherein they will afford relief. To the contrary, his report expressly inveighs against a government-owned line, which the McLachlan bill purports to establish. Rather should our coast delegation unite in a protest against

the Panama railroad rate discrimination at an early date, and not rest until the American shippers are given at least an equal show with their European competitors. It is absurd to think that the railroad line is supported by American tax payers to discriminate in favor of their rivals for trade. As for the Pacific mail steamship discrimination, that is only another strong reason for the establishment of a federal line to insure justice to home manufactures.

GRAPHITES

According to the San Francisco Chronicle, if the annoying attacks on the wealthy men of the northern city, who have chanced to infringe the laws, are not stopped they and their friends will move to Los Angeles and build up the San Pedro seaport at the expense of their own. Says the Chronicle:

Our people are tired of the "hatreds" here, tired of the "degradation of our politics and of the people who permit it," tired of the "snarling of the city press," tired of the "domination of the mob spirit," of the "cowardice of those who fear it" and of the "success of those who pander to it," tired of "life in a city which is in unceasing war with all its public-service corporations," tired of "the perennial graft and of its impotent prosecution," tired of the "wrangling, lying and backbiting which never ceases." In short, "our people are tired of San Francisco."

Commenting on this philippic, the Bulletin concludes it means that if San Francisco continues to prosecute rich boodlers their interests will move to Los Angeles, where—the Chronicle's inference is—boodlers are not prosecuted. This implied conclusion of the Chronicle may be based on the fact that a late disgraced mayor and a late faithless chief of police have escaped what appear to be their just deserts, but until the Broadhead case is decided, it might be well to abstain from further speculation in this direction. One thing is sure, if our rich men, through stress of circumstances, had been impelled to submit to a hold-up, as Calhoun undoubtedly was, they would have admitted their fault and have been forgiven long ago. What the country condemns is the pig-headed stupidity of Calhoun in spending millions to attack the prosecution that is only doing its duty, instead of admitting the truth of what everybody knows to be a fact.

Dean J. H. Wigmore of Northwestern University law school having received a pamphlet, presumably sent out by Patrick Calhoun, attacking Francis J. Heney, has replied to it in caustic terms. As the booklet asks an answer to "three important constitutional and moral questions" affecting Mr. Heney and the department of justice, Professor Wigmore has replied to them. The first and second pertain to the receipt of money by Heney from the federal government which the pamphlet insinuates was paid covertly for the California prosecution, but nominally for other and federal uses, and received by Heney when he was employed as state assistant district attorney. Professor Wigmore presumes in favor of the honesty of the President, the attorney general and his assistant, that the sums paid Heney were for value received in the past by the federal government. Morally, he believes any federal officer could help a state officer in the pursuit of crime and that "only guilty law breakers could be imagined to desire the contrary." As to whether a private citizen can help the state to prosecute in the trial of a criminal charge, the erudite professor points out that under the original English jury system the private citizen was usually obliged to pay the prosecuting expenses, as otherwise crime was unpunished. Professor Wigmore recalls the fact that twenty-five years ago, in company with five other young men, he helped to organize a municipal reform league in San Francisco, of whom Abraham Ruef was one. It is the memory of those early days that prompted him to give Mr. Calhoun the answers to the questions propounded in the pamphlet.

Seattle fair authorities do not propose to have President Taft fool away fifty per cent of the time allotted to the exposition city on the golf links. After a hot debate of the officials, it was solemnly decided that the President must devote the entire two days to meeting and speaking to the people of the northwest. Poor Taft. Pity the sorrows of a fat man with an overworked smile, who is not allowed to reduce his avoirdupois on the links. He, of course, must abide by the decision of his hosts. The west is bound to get even with him for deserting the tariff revision cause.

FROM THE CITY OF GREAT PEACE

TO APPRECIATE Santa Barbara to the utmost, one may well tarry at such a citadel of prohibition as Long Beach—only to return to the Place of Peace, which seems more fitting in this land of liberty. There are few "Thou Shalt Nots" promulgated either by the padres up at the old mission or by the city fathers below. Here is liberty because the gentle spirit of love is abroad and lies over the sleepy and happy old town. And this divine liberty is rarely abused except by an occasional motorist rampant. Such a one, a bright young spirit of the California Club, tried a little speed early one morning last week, and on a side street, too, dreaming that the police of Santa Barbara did not arise with the milkmen. After breakfast, I saw him humbly depositing two fat golden twenties and one sun-tinted ten in the capacious hand of my good friend, Chief of Police Ross. And now, when he wants to go fast in Santa Barbara, he will recall that fifty, also that it doesn't pay here, at all events, to be in a hurry or to follow one's whim at the expense, or to the danger or discomfort of one's neighbor. That is all there is to it, as the small boy says. The only law that one need remember in Santa Barbara is the golden rule, and so long as we do unto others as we would be done by—without any twentieth century amendments or Wall street calculations—we avoid the law, the ordinances and their penalties. Quite simple, isn't it?

* * *

Let California be prohibitionized and Californians will quit the land. From Montecito to Calabasas, throughout Ventura county (dry), the Mexicans, who, for generations, have tilled the soil and made Pleasant valley a reality, are being driven out by prohibition and the Japanese. If "the heathen Chinee's" manners and morals were offensive to Bret Harte, where is the poet or satirist to do justice to the little brown coolies who can live underground on a handful of rice, spy upon us and appropriate our lands? Survival of the fittest? All very true, but when are we going to wake up to discover that we are not fit to cope with the Mikado's men? The Mexican does not cheat, nor does he work overhard. And if he chooses to go on a spree Saturday night, and finds he can't do it in Ventura county, he vamooses.

* * *

Vespers last Sunday were disturbed by fire. Just as the sun was setting, flames shot through the roof of the Arlington Hotel—thirty-four years old—and laid it in ashes. The old Arlington was a landmark, because, as you may have read in an obscure corner of your Daily Horror, it was "the pioneer tourist hotel of Southern California." You may also have read how famous men, from Generals Grant and Lee to Mr. Roosevelt and Ben Tillman, sojourned under the Arlington's redwood. Thirty-five years ago the hotel cost, we are told, \$175,000. Nowadays, the price is paramount. It was insured, I believe, for thirty-five thousand dollars, and a perilous risk at that. Happily, the old registers were rescued and will have their place in the library or other hall of records.

* * *

Next to the old mission itself and the de la Guerra homestead, the Arlington was a household word and common property to every Barbarenio. Two generations of habitants regarded it as the standing block of the gringo's successful invasion, holding prosperity in one hand and intruding on peace with both feet! There is always tragedy in fire and death, but the dividing line of comedy is thinner than this sheet of paper. The Arlington's elevator boy worked the old lift so strenuously and bravely, transporting nervous tourists of both sexes—the males were worse—and such laries and penates as could be easily shorn. When the elevator got too hot to hold him, the dauntless youngster faded away in a gentle faint and was carted off to the hospital of the Sisters of St. Francis. Meanwhile, the hose action of the gallant fire-fighters suggested the spitting of small boys into a volcano. It was a hopeless struggle, although but a zephyr was blowing from the ocean. The redwood seemed glad to give up its ghosts, and they floated away happily past the old mission "over the mountain."

* * *

It has been remarked before in these letters that no native allows himself to grow excited in these parts. To do so means a loss of strength, of stored energy and a breach of the prevalent peace. I had wondered at the apathy of Barbarenos over a municipal election, even when the vital fate of roads, good or desperate, was at stake. Except that the saloons were closed and the druggists and the soda fountain ladies and gentlemen

plied an unusual trade, no one could have perceived that it was anything but "one day telling another." Last Sunday evening no native showed any surprise or alarm over the Arlington's fate. Everyone took it as a matter of inevitable destiny. "The will of God," said the pious, "and why should we bother our heads about something we cannot control. Besides, it was providential that the fire occurred when it did. There was little danger when everyone was at dinner. If it had been in the small hours—" And so the wisdom of resignation is the fruit of the peaceful soul.

Santa Barbara, August 19.

R. H. C.

POPE AND HYDE PARK CORNER

PASSING by Hyde Park Corner a few days ago, I suddenly remembered that Pope went to school on that very spot. It is curious how unexpectedly a suggestive little fact of this kind sometimes comes upon us, and what discursive ruminations it leads to. Pope and Hyde Park Corner! Little Pope, with his long, sickly, melancholy, but most sensitive face, peering from behind the blinds of a sedan-chair, in the midst of a riotous aristocracy whizzing through the air on blood-horses, under the windows of Apsley House! Yet the association is not so unnatural, after all. Pope was a great lover of the aristocracy. He would have been a lord if he could, and he tried hard to make the world believe that he ought to have been one. Pope would have played off the accomplishments of a lord with inimitable finesse and exquisite precision; he would have enacted the Rape of the Lock to the life; his lordly banter would have been keen, refined and merciless in the highest degree; and even Villiers or Shaftesbury might have envied him his brilliant powers of sarcasm. But, with all his genteel aspirations, backed up by a sarcastic genius unparalleled for subtlety and contemptuous levity of heart, he could not evade the fact that his father was a linen draper.

* * *

Passing thoughtfully along the sidewalk opposite to Hyde Park Gate, a thousand fantastical images came into my head. I speedily conjured up Pope in his boyhood, on this very ground, a sullen urchin, marked with an irrepressible malicious gravity, which would break out every now and then in a scathing couplet, or a bit of scurilous doggerel, that would set everybody about him by the ears, and in a single minute make him half a dozen enemies for life. Dr. Johnson, speaking of his precocity, observes, more gracefully than truly, that it might be said of Pope as it was of Findar, that when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth." Had he substituted wasps for bees, the figure would have been rather more accurate. The earliest swarm that is known to have settled on him produced a piece of scandalous verse on his schoolmaster, for which he was sentenced to a flogging. His hive, instead of being rich in honey, was filled with gall; and it is worthy of note, that the first thing he wrote was a lampoon, and the last thing he uttered was a witticism. A few hours before his death, his physician, out of a desire, perhaps, to assuage the pain of thinking about death, assured him that his pulse was good, and that there were also other favorable symptoms. "Ah!" exclaimed Pope, "here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms!"

* * *

Taking into consideration their relative positions, Pope had no right to make love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Nor can the freedom of access and expression she permitted to him be fairly urged as an excuse of passion, without sincerity or even emotion. Women admitted approaches with impunity, which in a later age would have been regarded as indecorous. Several of the most distinguished poets of the time hung upon women of fashion, without embarrassing them by serious proofs of attachment. Pope ought to have better understood the mock heroic characteristic of the age, than to have made proposals to Lady Mary. It was all very well upon paper, but when it came to downright speech one can readily comprehend how the cold-hearted beauty, the icy wit, who had just published some pastorals with as little nature in them as if they had been written by Pope himself, must have "laughed in his face! And that laugh, ringing with cruel mirth, and the malice of an exhausted vanity, that had now nothing more to expect from the baffled flatterer at her feet, that laugh will haunt the memory of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu throughout all time; it was the most heartless incident of her life, and when we think of it even now, it seems to scream in our ears from her grave.

* * *

With all his little drawbacks and checks of

every kind, Pope stands out vividly in English poetry at the head of his class. I never open his poems without having fresh occasion to admire the singular felicity of his diction, the refined edge of his sarcasm, the terseness of his style, and the elegant skill with which he immolates his victims. What amazing intellectual energy there was in his tiny feeble body! The waterman, who used to lift him into his boat, stated that he wore stays to sustain himself in sitting up. He used to get into a wherry and sit in a sedan chair in the center, with the blinds down, and in that way take an airing on the river, or pay a visit to ladies of honor at Hampton Court or cross over for a ramble in the green lanes of Ham. This recollection occurred to me as the evening was rapidly descending, and I almost fancied I could see the dreamy skiff floating down the stream with the smallest sedan in the world in it, and the tiniest curtains drawn across the windows. It was like one of the feathery passages in the "Rape of the Lock," but the advance of night disturbed my reverie, and turning a final look upon the ground where Pope breathed his last, I hastened from the scene, which I shall probably never be tempted to visit again. The charm is at an end forever!

London, August 9. EDWIN A. COOKE.

POLIUTO ON CITY POLITICS

IT IS TOO BAD that Artemus Ward, the great showman, cannot be back on earth to enjoy the four-ring mayoralty circus. He would find it more "amoosin' and instrucktiv" than all of his beloved wax figures. There are two "Uncle Georges," both desperately anxious to run. There are two "good government" candidates, one to be the regular non-partisan nominee and the other an independent, hope-to-secure-sympathy sort. And the fourth is a Democrat, whose friends claim is as independent as any of the other three.

* * *

When "Uncle George" Alexander came out as a candidate this week, not even the cigar-stand politicians brightened up sufficiently to remark, "I told you so." It reminds me of Hogaboom's candidacy for postmaster. He "hoped for the recognition of the press, but had been running so long that everyone knew it anyway." The recall mayor was posted long ago, and it was a certainty that the league back of the good government movement would have to trot him out in the paddock at the proper time. "Uncle George" just wouldn't be dropped.

"Uncle George" Smith, the other uncle, also is "independent." He exhibited that spirit at the last election, it will be remembered, when, although a Republican of many years' standing, he forsook a regular party candidate and was found favoring the Democratic aspirant, Harper.

* * *

Oscar Farish is so well known in the city that his candidacy, so heavily backed by business men, is appealing to voters as that of an independent. I doubt if a majority of the people know that Oscar is a Democrat. But this is "independent" year, and this likeable business man has as much right to expect the votes of citizens, regardless of party, as any of them.

* * *

There is a holy calm hanging around the city all offices. Assessor Mallard, Clerk Leland, Treasurer Hance and City Attorney Hewitt will walk back into office, according to the wise ones. Bob Hayhurst, a steward in the county hospital; Fred Stein, a deputy in the county tax collector's office; Evan Lewis, who was defeated for renomination three years ago, and Fred Wismer, all wanted to make a try for Mallard's job. But all have decided to save the money.

* * *

Tax Collector E. E. Johnson is erecting his defenses. He knows that the good government people are after him. The man who would have been brought out for mayor, by the Democratic league, will be entered for tax collector. He is Richmond Plant of the Fourth ward, and a member of the park commission. I have met Plant but once. He appears to be a good "mixer."

Ivor Thomas, chief clerk to Musket, and former Billboard Inspector Allen want to be city auditor. The regulars and good government forces have not named their entries as yet.

* * *

At least, the war against improvement of the schools has had one good effect. All those faithful and respected members of the school board were going to step down and out on the plea that they had had their share of civic duties for a time, but, owing to the unfair attacks, all have decided to remain. They will be elected, the entire seven, and the city will reap the benefit.

Ye Kentish Mayde

Gentles all, attend my ditty
(Sing hey, for the Kentish maid),
Fond and fair, but O, the pity,
Fickle was the jade.
Swains a-many came a-wooing
(Sing hey, for the Kentish men),
She, alas, was their undoing—
Hearts may mend again.
Heigh-ho! fickle and fond,
Heigh-ho! fickle and fair;
Swains a-many she had in bond,
Swains a-plenty her love would share.

Rode a noble from the city
(Sing hey, for the gallant knight),
Debonair he was and witty—
Loved she at first sight.
Smiled he in a manner gracious
(Sing hey, for the trusting maid),
Swift his wooing and audacious—
Hearts must be obeyed.
Ah, me, reckless his word;
Ah, me, reckless he wooed;
Maids a-many his tale had heard,
Maids a-plenty his love had rued.

Gave she all of love's requital
(Sing hey, for a foolish maid),
Maid no more, but in the title
(Heigh-ho, the price she paid).
Rode away her recreant lover
(Ah, me, for her sorry plight),
Maidens one day may discover
False from faithful knight.
Heigh-ho! handsome and bold,
Heigh-ho! loving and weak;
O, that his vows had been untold,
O, for the bloom on her paling cheek.

Miramar, Santa Monica.

—S. T. C.

MARKED CONTRAST IN CANVASES

Zoloaga's Grim Pictures at the Hispanic Museum

Antithesis of Sorolla's Gay Style

FOLLOWING Sorolla and his pictures came the Zoloaga exhibition. A sharper contrast can hardly be imagined. They who were fortunate enough to secure cards for the private view went briskly up to One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street expecting to find at the Hispanic Museum a repetition of the sensational Sorolla success, but another surprise was in store for them. Entering the building with the glow of Sorolla in mind, they were quite unprepared for what they were to find and they came upon something so different, that, for the moment, it seemed to benumb the faculties. It was like stepping from bright sunshine into the gloom of a dark cavern. A weight of depression settled down upon the spirit, and it seemed as if the dejection of all the ages were concentrated in the room. In place of the gay, chattering Sorolla crowd, which could scarcely be torn from the pictures, was a slow-moving, handful of people, who talked in hushed voices as people at times do on a mirthless day, and who gave place to others as soon as possible, after a brief turn about the room. The absence of pictures from the balcony gave the gallery a dismantled air. There were few canvases, and these found a place on the main floor. Yet, in spite of this unfortunate first impression, the memory of those pictures is very vivid. Each one stands out strong in its individuality like a living thing. There was no popular appeal in the pictures, people in the aggregate did not care for them, and open days the gallery was comparatively empty; but no artist could look at them without comprehension and admiration of the wonderful technique that produced them.

* * *

Mr. Huntington was wise to make his popular appeal first and still wiser to choose for his second visitor a man so different from his first that they could not come into conflict on the same ground, yet strong enough to hold his own in another field. Sorolla reached the absolute height of popular appeal. Another, coming after, had, of necessity, in this respect, to take a lower place, but there is always room for rivalry in the field of pure technique. Artists, whether painters, sculptors or actors, are invariably divided into two camps. Art is intellectual, or it is emotional; it is thought out, or it is felt out. Sorolla's pictures are of the heart, Zoloaga's of the head. Therefore, artists are divided in their opinions of them. The ones who believe that art is of the emotions are with Sorolla, they who think it should be studied technique, intellectually analytical, are with Zoloaga. But there was no division of opinion among people at large. They flocked to see the Sorollas, they ignored the Zoloagas. Those of us who must appreciate technique, looked at and admired what Zoloaga had to show, but we loved Sorolla and gave no

thought to his technique because his technique was so superb that he had risen above it. He paints with the freshness of vision of a gifted being looking at the beauty of the world for the first time, and able to fix his impression with a few sure, swift strokes of the brush. Zoloaga is a studio painter. He reproduces with infinite care every infinitesimal detail of the posed model or of the weird product of his imagining. It is hard to tell which is most essentially Spanish, for they see such different sides of the country. The one sees Spain as part of a glorious whole and fixes the characteristics that place her in touch with the world, the other jealously guards her individuality and fixes those characteristics that differentiate her from other people.

* * *

Zoloaga sees the artificial, the sordid, the bull-fighting side. His women are painted and powdered; his men pose. Sorolla sees the joyous, care-free, sunny side of life. In different garb his people might be on a California beach, reveling in the feeling of the cool wind and warm sun. Some of his critics questioned his greatness because he had painted nothing tragic, but a man should not be judged by what he has refrained from doing. Is pure joy not as great as grief? Certainly, it is much rarer. The picture of the mother lying in bed with her new-born child beside her might have been full of the tragedy of woman's pain, and of the suffering that the world holds in store for all who come into her vale of tears, but, instead, it breathes the peace and rest that comes with fulfillment and the joy and content of the mother in the mite beside her. Yet, on the canvas, there was only the billowy expanse of a white bed with a woman's head and nerveless hand showing above the counterpane and quite on the opposite side a tiny atom of a head, nestling in the white. No one looked at the picture unmoved, and about it was always a crowd.

* * *

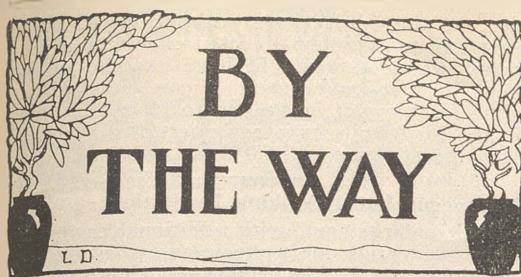
Possibly the best known Zoloaga is "The Dwarf, Gregorio." In the foreground stands the manikin in all his realistic repulsiveness, talking to two very tall and cadaverous individuals. The contrast in height is not needed to emphasize his stature, for he is a midget throughout his whole body, from his misshapen head to his stubby fingers. Behind the figures lies a town stretching through great distances, drawn in quite different perspective. The use of one scale for the figures and another for the background is characteristic of certain of the old Spanish and Italian painters, and seems a curious revival in Zoloaga. "Le Vieux Boulevardier" is very dramatic. Two young women slow their steps and with a sidelong glance seem to wonder if an old roue, who follows close behind, will speak. It is repulsive in its suggestiveness, but infinitely strong in its characterization. A more attractive subject represents a dancer on the stage, as she receives the applause of her audience. A soft glare from the footlights is on her face, and she smiles with pleasure. The shawl that hangs from her shoulders is covered with a myriad of tiny scenes, painted with an attention to detail altogether wonderful. The personality of the woman is charming. Another attractive portrait is of the actress, Pilar Solar. With these exceptions the women are artificial in the extreme. A cousin, whom he loves to paint, laughs gayly and seems lighthearted, but he neither makes us like nor trust her. The other pictures are of bull fighters, painted singly, in groups, and in the bosom of their families. A large canvas is devoted to a group of sorceresses. Except for one figure, that seems human, they are impossible hags. The same model, altered by a fantastic hair arrangement and big goggles, seems to have been used to embody the curious phantoms of his dream. His pictures remain in the memory; we think of them afterward with interest, but never with affection.

* * *

Mr. Huntington has assumed an interesting work in teaching New York something of the interest that should attach to Spain and to what Spain has accomplished. New York is as provincial in its attitude toward what it wishes to conserve as it is toward other things. The memories, traditions and monuments of the Dutch are sacred. But there never has been, apparently, any recognition of Spain and what we owe to her. The first people who landed on our shores must have left some impress, however faint, upon the east, even as the later comers left their impress upon the west, though the Spanish missions and the long stay in California were productive of more intimate and lasting associations and the missions remain there as a perpetual memory and reminder.

ANNE PAGE

New York, August 16.



Didn't Care for "Adverted"

Occasionally, the objections of a lawyer, when examining a witness for the other side, are as wonderful as the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid. I thought of these reflections of King Solomon, Tuesday afternoon, in Judge Davis' court, when I was testifying to what former Mayor Harper had said at the called conference of newspaper editors and publishers, two years ago last spring, when he proposed to handle the social evil in a new district, provided the newspapers gave tacit approval by refraining from comment. I was late in attending the conference, and the mayor repeated to me what he had previously told the others present. This, I tried to tell the jury in the Broadhead case, beginning by saying that Mayor Harper briefly adverted to the Ballerino crib scandal, when Judge McKinley interrupted by asking what I meant by the use of the word "advertised." I said I thought it was good English, clearly expressing the meaning. "Cannot you come down to ordinary folks' mentality and say that he 'said' or 'spoke'?" I allowed that I could, and discarded the better, because more meaningful term. I have not yet decided what impression my good friend, the judge, wished to convey to the jury by this little episode, for, of course, he knew it was a natural, eminently correct synonym for "referred." A better-read lawyer, wholly aside from his law books, and one having a larger vocabulary, would be hard to find in this or any other city than the able advocate, Judge J. W. McKinley.

Senator Jones Urged to Write His Memoirs

Friends and relatives of former Senator John P. Jones of Miramar, Santa Monica, are urging the veteran retired statesman to follow the example set by his intimate friend, President Grant, whose recollections form so interesting sidelights on American history. For more than fifty years Senator Jones led an active political career, dating from his election to the shrievalty of a northern county to his twenty years of service in the United States senate, from Nevada, from which he retired in 1903. A more graphic story teller than Senator Jones I have rarely heard. He is terse and to the point, and always there is a point to his stories. He and his brother, Henry, since deceased, came to California in 1850, on the flat-bottomed sidewheeler Eureka, which vessel was condemned as unseaworthy on her arrival in San Francisco. From that time Senator Jones' career is an indissoluble part of the history of California and Nevada, with the most interesting digressions which his Washington experiences present. If the senator would be absolutely frank in publishing his memoirs, a more entertaining work, I am sure, could not be imagined by Californians.

Finding a Lost Fellow Passenger

One of Senator Jones' close friends recalls that on the Eureka, as passengers, were a Mr. Murphy with his two pretty daughters, quiet, well-behaved girls, of strong religious convictions, whose excellent deportment was not disturbed by the lack of accommodations and the presence of a most unruly crowd. At San Francisco, of course, each passenger went his way, and the Murphys were swallowed up in the heterogeneous vortex of 1850. Twenty-three years later, the emigrant of twenty-one had become a power in Nevada politics, and in a tremendous contest for the United States senate had triumphed over his wealthy rival, Senator Sharon, who, however, did not acquire the senatorial prefix until a later campaign, when Senator Fair retired. Senator Jones had not scrupled to handle his competitor without gloves in the campaign, but after it was over, he took his defeat philosophically and invited Senator Jones to attend a banquet in San Francisco, which the successful candidate accepted. In going through the hotel parlors, after the dinner, Senator Jones saw a handsomely dressed woman seated by the fire. He bowed and was passing on when she jumped up, intercepted his progress and cried, "Senator, don't you know me?" The senator was obliged to confess his ignorance.

With a laugh she added, "Why, I was a fellow passenger with you on the Eureka, in 1850. I was Miss Murphy." "And now?" queried the senator, deeply interested. "Now, I am Mrs. Sharon, wife of your late political rival." California was full of such surprises in the old days.

End of a Brave Struggle

It is always sad to see honest, ambitious and hard work thwarted by an unkind fate, hence I extend to Mr. Winfield Scott and his associates of the new series of the Evening News, my sincere sympathy in the failure of their hopes. The struggle to keep going has been a severe one; from an eight-page paper they dropped to four and finally to one page, Wednesday. This looks like the end of the fight, and if Mr. Scott would avoid further heart-breaking experience he would better let go. The paper was foredoomed. If the original Evening News of ten and twelve pages, with a large and well-chosen staff, ample mechanical facilities and a large circulation, could not receive enough advertising support to insure its continuance, the smaller, much less handsome paper, typographically considered, and perhaps with other detractive qualities, could hardly hope to live. I sympathize with Joe Mesmer, who has grown tired of being its angel, but he was assured from the start that his estimate of expenses was altogether too low. He ignored experience that had been earned and bought it for himself, as so many of us insist upon doing.

Sidle Lawrence Prepared For the Worst

I saw J. Sidle Lawrence, the capable newspaper man who writes entertaining program notes for the Moroso theater enterprises, Burbank and Majestic. Thursday, just before he left for his old home in Minneapolis, whither he goes for a visit, his first in five years. His pockets were bulging with cigarettes—there is a law in Minnesota against their sale—and a formidable bunch of letters addressed to Dick Ferris, the accumulation of weeks, filled a small satchel. Mr. Lawrence used to be of the Minneapolis Tribune staff before coming to Los Angeles with his wife, an equally clever newspaper writer of the Herald staff, and he takes advantage of the lull at the Majestic to slip away to the scenes of his earlier triumphs. A university man, with a fine library, which has been well digested by its owner, Mr. Lawrence, of my old Evening News staff, is a credit to the local newspaper fraternity.

Arthur Letts' Suggestion

Writing from Barmen, Germany, Arthur Letts sends me a fine colored photograph showing the celebrated hanging railroad, cars of which are in operation in that city above the river, for miles. Of it he remarks: "I traveled in one of these cars today, truly the most unique hanging railroad in the world. One has a peculiar sensation at first, but it is not at all unpleasant. How would a line like this do down the Los Angeles river to the ocean?" Why not? Here is a suggestion for our local railroad magnates to act upon! Except that it would probably be regarded as a desecration of our precious river bed, which is to be preserved for unborn generations to utilize.

Julius Caesar "With Notes"

Last Monday, a doctor friend of mine, who enjoined secrecy as to name, sent his young nephew down town to buy a copy of "Julius Caesar," "with notes." He was gone all the afternoon and returned at six o'clock, tired and discouraged and without the book. "I've been in every book shop and every music store in town," exclaimed the lad, "and they all say there's no music written for 'Julius Caesar.' They offered me 'Othello,' but I told 'em I thought that wouldn't do." "Quite right," responded his uncle, gravely, "it was 'Julius Caesar' I wanted." He found the "notes" in the Temple edition next day, without much trouble.

Ohio Court Sets Dangerous Precedent

Just before he left Los Angeles, Thursday, to attend a meeting of the American Bar Association at Detroit, Lynn Helm, master in chancery, had the thoughtfulness to send me a copy of "Law Notes" for July containing an absorbingly interesting article entitled "Criticism of Judges Running for Re-election." The question discussed was raised in a disbarment action brought against Attorney Charles Thatcher of Toledo, Ohio, for criticising two judges who were candidates for re-election in the last campaign. Although the writer of the article conducts a splendid argument, proving by precedent and otherwise that a fair and just criticism of candidates for public office is not only justifiable, but desirable—alas, that is what I overfondly believed—the Ohio supreme court, ignoring all precedent, after hearing oral testimony voted to disbar from

practice the defendant attorney on the grounds of unprofessional conduct. I shall be interested in learning the reasons of the court for so doing. Just how it can be claimed that candidates for position on the judiciary are in any way entitled to exemption from fair criticism is hard to understand. A judge, being elective, can claim no immunity, no exception from public scrutiny and public censure that does not equally belong to a private citizen. I shall ever maintain this principle.

Mrs. Earl's Lost Pearls

I can see no reason to carp at the Express for printing the facts concerning the loss of a rope of pearls belonging to Mrs. E. T. Earl, wife of the owner of that paper. The facts were stated without being given undue prominence; indeed, the story itself was worth more than the space allowed. It corrected the mistake of attributing the value of the missing jewels at thirty thousand dollars, placing them at about one-fourth that amount, and explained how Mrs. Earl probably lost them en route to Catalina, with her husband. The publicity given was in the line of common sense, as an honest reader would thereby be directed to the lawful owner. Doubtless, the intrinsic value of the pearls will not disturb either Mr. or Mrs. Earl, although the loss of a seven-thousand-dollar article of jewelry is not pleasant, even to a several times millionaire; there may be a bit of sentiment connected with the giving that is dear to the heart of each. I have heard of such. I hope the pearls may be recovered.

Banker's Heart in Right Place

Beneath a rather brusque exterior, J. A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, hides a tender heart. I realized this when I read his beautifully written tribute to the memory of his son, Selwyn, who was killed in an automobile accident a year or so ago, and a story has just reached me more than ever confirmatory of this belief. One of the bank's clerical force this week received a telegram from his old home in Kentucky, telling of the serious illness of his mother and urging him to leave if possible, in case he wished to see her alive. In great distress he went to Mr. Graves and mutely laid before him the telegram. "Go, my boy; go at once," said his chief. "One's mother should never be neglected. Your salary will be continued." That was all. It was jerked out in the customary quick, nervous manner of the banker, who did not wait to hear the fervent thanks of the young man. Nor will that sick mother, back in Kentucky, fail to add her grateful prayers when her boy reaches her bedside tomorrow night.

Mr. Huntington's Home Hobby

When Henry E. Huntington completes his superb mansion on what was the Shorb place, in the San Gabriel valley, he is to give his fellow Jonathans a housewarming that will eclipse anything of the kind anywhere attempted in the state. His new home promises to be by far the handsomest private residence west of the Alleghanies, only one other, the Vanderbilt place in North Carolina, approaching it in magnificence and appointments. The beautiful architectural creation of Myron Hunt and Elmer Gray stands on an eminence, the gem in a setting of more than a thousand acres, under the highest cultivation, with landscape gardening, splendid specimens of rare trees, shrubs and flowers, lath houses filled with exotics, sunken gardens, lotus and other water plants and beautiful drives that will be worth going miles to enjoy. To see Mr. Huntington hobnobbing with the carpenter, the mortar carrier, the bricklayer and the plumber is a visual treat. He is enjoying the building of that house as no owner ever has before.

Curious Newspaper Blunders

As an example of the mistakes likely to occur in a newspaper office whose department heads are largely of recent importation, the material changing often, was the printing in the Examiner last week of a half-tone of that never-to-be-forgotten Sunspotter, James S. Slanson, dead these three or four years, pictured as representing his equally lovable son, James, vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, whose father was several times president of that influential civic organization. Curiously enough, the Examiner committed a kindred error three years ago, when it depicted the late John F. Francis seated at the head table at the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner, although he had been dead two years or more. Another break, due to the unfamiliarity of the staff with local conditions, was in printing a cut of J. A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank, and labeling it

with the initials of a temporary citizen of the same name, who was in disrepute at the district attorney's office at the time. These blunders might be enlarged upon, but the three prominent breaks recalled serve to show the unwisdom of recruiting the staff so largely from the outside.

Hitchcock Due Here Next Month

Postmaster General Frank Hitchcock, head of the Republican National Committee, will be in Los Angeles in a few weeks. While not coming west in the entourage of President Taft, Mr. Hitchcock will meet his chief here and will accompany the latter east as far as the Grand Canyon. Mr. Hitchcock visits Southern California for the express purpose of paying attention to our ever-increasing postal needs. He always has been a great admirer of this city and, incidentally, he and Postmaster Motley H. Flint are warm personal friends.

Fine Outlook for Winter Building

With a six-story building at Sixth and Hill streets and a twelve-story structure at Sixth and Spring, and with the second half of the Alexandria to be rushed to completion at the corner of Fifth and Broadway, it looks as if Los Angeles were to have something of a building boom in a large way the coming winter. The Sixth and Hill street corner will be known as the Consolidated Realty Building, which took out an official permit for the purpose one week ago. The enterprise will represent an investment of about \$1,000,000, including lands, when completed. The head of the company is former Superior Judge D. K. Trask, and among the directors are John J. Byrne, D. A. Hamburger and Judge Will James. The Sixth and Spring street corner will be the permanent home of the newly amalgamated Los Angeles and Metropolitan Trust Companies, of which Motley H. Flint is to be the official head. That undertaking is to represent an outlay of about \$1,500,000. And there will be plenty more before the end of 1910.

"Cy" Myrick on His Honeymoon

"Cy" Myrick, who in the old days constituted the firm of Fitzgerald & Black, is touring Europe with a new Mrs. Myrick. Of the party are Mr. and Mrs. James J. Jeffries, that "Jim" who is to meet at a future date Mistah Johnsing of ring-side fame. Not many of his acquaintances know that "Cy" Myrick has taken to himself another wife. He is on his honeymoon and will be away for several weeks yet. I expect that few readers of The Graphic realize that "Cy" Myrick is to be reckoned among the wealthiest of Los Angelans. His holdings of bank and corporation stocks and bonds, and lands, are so large that their income is said to be sufficient to enable their owner to spend in the neighborhood of \$20,000 a year, if he desires.

Commodore Louis to the Rescue

Commodore E. J. Louis, who, by the way, is president of the Newport Bay Investment Company, having read in The Graphic of Dr. Scrogg's dilemma in regard to his fishing excursions, since San Pedro no longer is "out of town," has sent the Izaak Walton of the Jonathan Club the following letter: "My dear doctor: I have just been reading an article in The Graphic, regarding the predicament which you will find yourself in as soon as we are declared a seaport town. Knowing full well that you are a disciple of George Washington, and also realizing your weakness in connection with fishing and your desire to tell only truthful fish stories, I think I can solve the problem. I desire to suggest that one day, when you are at liberty (after we are a seaport town), that you permit me to pilot you to the best fishing grounds to be found in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and, further, which will truthfully admit of your posting a notice on the outside of your door, 'Out of town for a few days.' I refer to a pleasant trip to Balboa, which produces the gamiest kinds of fish and plenty of them." Here's a friend in need.

Chicago Finds Herself Unknown

From the Chicago & Northwestern's overland limited train comes a letter written by my friend, Robert W. Poindexter, who incloses a merry skit from the editorial page of the Chicago Inter Ocean, concerning the postmaster of Chicago, Ky., who held up letters addressed to the big Chicago, assuring the postoffice inspector that he had never heard of the Illinois metropolis on the western shore of Lake Michigan. After that, Los Angeles need never fear that she is being over-advertised. Mr. Poindexter will be away about five months. He will meet his daughter, Miss Romaine, in New York, who has been visiting with Mrs. Margaret Deland, the accomplished

story writer; go to Boston for a few days, and then on to Quebec for a fortnight, thence down the Saguenay for good fishing, and after that head slowly homeward, returning to Los Angeles with his daughter the last week in September.

Good Government Supporter Dies

I was surprised to note that the newspapers supporting the movement for better government failed to make more than the usual brief mention regarding the sudden death of Milton L. Canfield, 1647 Rockwood street. The decedent not only was a well-known citizen here for twenty-five years, but was one of the active Second ward good government workers. The press recently announced him as a fitting candidate for the council in the coming campaign, but evidently failed to recognize in the death announcement the man who had labored so assiduously for civic cleanliness. Mr. Canfield was of the type of men who stand for the best in a municipality and he will be missed in this city.

May Be Conflict of Authority

It is declared that building and loan associations will be subject to supervision of the new state superintendent of banking if they are to continue advertising a savings account business. The recently enacted state bank act does not permit these institutions even to use the word saving in any advertisement. Several of the local corporations lend money on savings accounts at rates with which the regular savings banks insist they cannot compete. As there is a building and loan commission in the state, there is much gossip in regard to a probability of conflict before this phase of the situation has been settled.

City Club to Hear Mrs. Kelly

That ought to prove a decidedly interesting meeting of the City Club today noon, when Mrs. Florence Kelly of New York, general secretary of the National Consumers League and one of the trustees of the National Child Labor Fund, will address the members on the subject of "The Ultimate Consumer and His Duty." Mrs. Kelly is a graduate of Cornell University and of the University of Geneva, Switzerland. She is a daughter of "Pig Iron" Kelly, the forerunner of Dalzell, one of the most rampant high tariff advocates the country has known. Her work and her writings prove her to be a most interesting character, and the City Club is to be felicitated on having such a speaker.

Emolument of Census Taker

There has been much in print in regard to the pay and emolument of the new Seventh California congressional district census supervisor. As the facts have been explained to me by an expert, the salary is to be in a lump, the sum of \$1,500 a year, in addition to \$100 for each 100,000 persons that may be developed in the district in the coming enumeration. The latter provision should increase the total allowance to about \$2,000, not a bad pick-up for less than six months' work.

"Jack" Berner's Look Ahead

Best wishes of all who know him will go with "Jack" Berner, who is to leave Los Angeles in a few days for the east for an indefinite stay. Mr. Berner's destination is to be Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, where he is to undergo a rather serious surgical operation. He has been ill for more than a year and the term of his absence from the city will depend largely upon the success of the operation.

How the Appointment Came About

I have been asked to state the real facts concerning the appointment of Fitch. The several commercial organizations, that is to say, the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, while not in politics at any time, insisted that the federal census should be taken by a representative of the community, whose work should be above reproach. With this in view, they importuned United States Senators Flint and Perkins to assist in the appointment of George Fitch, generally regarded as an excellent choice. I am told that one of the missions of Willis Booth, president of the Chamber of Commerce, in the east was to impress upon the proper powers there that Los Angeles would resent the appointment to the census portfolio of a professional political hanger-on, as had been intended. It was only after Fitch's strong endorsements for the position that his appointment followed; as for the incident being later responsible for anything like a factional Republican party row, I believe the newspaper sto

ries on the subject are without merit. While Bert Farmer, municipal census expert these many years, at one time might have had the appointment of first government census assistant, and while he may yet be invited to fill that position, he and his friends have not emerged with aplomb from the struggle to land first prize.

Prosperous Local Banking Institutions

Bank enlargement, with additional capital and other incidentals due to business expansion, seem to be the rule in Los Angeles at this time, with a result that stocks of the interested institutions have been scoring rapid advances in the local market. The Security Savings Bank and the German American Savings Bank have advised their respective shareholders of a proposed capital increase, and in both instances stockholders will participate in the melon cutting of juicy flavor. In the case of the Security Savings, its shares have jumped about \$100 in market value within the last two weeks. The stock has been selling in the open, as well as on the exchange, at \$400 a share, as compared with \$300, the quotation price about August 1, or \$260 a year ago. A majority of the shares are held by J. F. Sartori, Maurice Hellman, Charles F. Toll and W. D. Longyear. The proposed capital increase is to be to \$1,000,000, as against \$850,000, the present figure.

Graceful Courtesy to Mrs. Joseph Scott

Considering the many times that Joe Scott has had to leave the domestic fireside to fill engagements consequent upon his official position as state deputy of the Knights of Columbus of California, that was a subtle act of courtesy and thoughtfulness on the part of the local council, in session at Seattle this week, in presenting Mrs. Scott with a gold watch in token of her husband's unremitting work for the good of the order. The president of Los Angeles' school board has been a prominent figure in the work of the councils at their celebration at the exposition, and the presentation to Mrs. Scott is a graceful recognition of his services.

Willis Booth Probably Out of It

With Mayor George Alexander again in the running, this time for a full term, I doubt if Willis Booth now will permit the use of his name and personality for the similar distinction. As head of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Booth has proved himself possessed of more than ordinary capacity, and as a mayoralty aspirant he would rally to his standard, not only the political forces that won the late recall election, but, in addition, nearly the entire Republican organization. His friends are many and of great loyalty. But with W. J. Washburn, president of the banking institution of which Mr. Booth is vice-president, enrolled among the signers inviting Mayor Alexander to continue in office, it is unlikely that his associate will consider the chief magistracy at this time.

Why Messrs. Burke and Stewart Smile

I noticed that the Southern Trust Company, the J. W. Hellman F. & M. National annex, swelled its total assets Friday of last week above the \$5,000,000 mark, and Vice-presidents John Burke and Hugh Stewart naturally were highly elated. It was the first day the assets had exceeded that figure, and by a curious coincidence they footed exactly thirteen thousand over the five millions, and it was Friday, August 13, 1909. The vigorous banking house is only three years old.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



Only a poet could so fashion criticism and appreciation as to create a brocaded garment sumptuous in itself, shot with the gold thread of emotion, stiff with the richness of fantasy, lustrous with words as though done with a palette of colors. Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley has all these beauties and more. Written in 1889, for the Dublin Quarterly Review, it was returned to him and was thrown aside by its discouraged author. After his death it was found by his literary executor and submitted again to the Review, in which it appeared in July, 1908. So great was the demand for this gem of prose that for the first time in seventy-two years the Dublin Review passed into a second edition. That also was soon exhausted, and to meet still further demands, the present separate issue of the essay was made. It is not a discussion of Shelley's poetry or of his poetic methods, but a glorious understanding of one poet by another, a tribute in gems. Shelley's curious childlikeness he comprehends and thus explains:

"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is—

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour;

"It is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. . . . To the last, in a degree uncommon even among poets, he retained the idiosyncrasy of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation. To the last he was the enchanted child." Segregated, when a child, by the agonizing annoyances of his school fellows, "the child fled into the tower of his own soul, and raised the drawbridge."

Here Shelley staid until his Oxford years, and maturity, when he swam into the bewildered world. One of his amusements was the sailing of paper boats, an act which he invested with imaginative interest: "Very possibly in the paper boat he saw the magic bark of Laon and Cythna, or

That thinnest boat
On which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her lunar cave.

"In fact, if you mark how favorite an idea, under varying forms, is this in his verse, you will perceive that all the charmed boats which glide down the stream of his poetry are but glorified resurrections of the little paper argosies which trembled down the Isis." Mr. Thompson explains Shelley's fickleness in love, as a strange straying of the spirit, incapable of learning that love can never permanently be a fountain. "Love is an affection, its display is the wind. All, therefore, that a man can reasonably ask of his wife is that her love should be indeed a well. A well, but a Bethesda well, into which from time to time the angel of tenderness descends to trouble the waters for the healing of the beloved."

In passages like these Thompson lays bare the souls of two poets. His own bitterness, too, is at times felt, as for instance, "If, as has chanced to others—as chanced, for example, to Mangan—outcast from home, health and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future, an anchorite without detachment and self-cloistered, without self-sufficingness, deposed from a world which he had not abdicated, pierced with thorns which formed no crown, a poet hopeless of the bays, and a martyr hopeless of the palm, a land cursed against the dews of love, an exile banned and proscribed even

from the innocent aims of childhood—he were burning helpless at the stake of his unquenchable heart, then he might have been inconsolable!"

As to Shelley's atheism and its influence upon established faith, he asks, "Is any safely-havened bark likely to slip its cable, and make for a flag planted on the very reef where the planter himself was wrecked?" As to Shelley's poetry, quotation is futile, this seeing poet becomes, too, "Like tipsy joy, that reels with tossing head," each page more fervid, more eloquent, more poetic. George Wyndham, in the introduction, calls this essay the most important contribution to pure letters written in English in the last twenty years. ("Shelley." By Francis Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

M. H. C.

"Child's Guide to American History"

In an introductory to his "Child's Guide to American History," Henry William Elson says: "A record of the past we call history. But history is more than a record of the past; it is a study of humanity, the greatest of all studies, and is second only to the study of the human life in our own times." Very skillfully and entertainingly he has succeeded in stripping the bare facts of history of prosiness and has robed them most luxuriously with humanness. Ponce de Leon is an interesting cavalier in pursuit of an ideal, not a silly vagrant, as the old-fashioned, six lines devoted to him make him out. De Soto and La Salle and their valiant courage, while described briefly, are made to seem real flesh and blood men. He has kept the spirit of history which is a sympathetic realization that men in all ages are the same as to spirit and aim, differing only in the inheritance to them of the ages before. He has included the romance furnished by women in the making of history, and the story of the Indian queen ruling the nation of Cofachiqui, of Pocahontas and of little Regina Hartman, who was stolen by the Indians at the age of ten make racy reading.

She was forced to grind corn and do the menial tasks of an Indian squaw for ten years; she forgot her mother tongue and all memory of her childhood, but after the French and Indian war, the Indians were compelled to restore all stolen children and parents were gathered at Carlisle, Pa., to claim their lost ones. It is this delightful way of history writing that restores atmosphere and is bound to thrill the interest of the least enthusiastic young student. There are dates, but they are incidental, and so well sugar-coated that they are warranted not to stick. ("A Child's Guide to American History." By Henry W. Elson. The Baker and Taylor Co.)

"The Goose Girl"

Two mythical kingdoms, a handsome and adventurous prince in disguise, a princess who is not a princess, a goose-girl who is a princess, a debonair and gallant American, a spice of mystery, a pinch of danger, a flavor of love, and an "all is well" ending—what more could a reader of popular novels desire? It would be a work of supererogation to regard Harold MacGrath's new novel, "The Goose Girl," as one of great literary merit. But he has a happy knack in his love scenes, and a pretty vein of description. Just so long as he attracts popular fancy, and makes no pretense of writing masterpieces of fiction, it were the part of wisdom to judge his book only from the standpoint of the reader of "the six best sellers." His new story seems to be a conglomerate of all the novels of mythical kingdoms that have been written since Anthony Hope stormed the market with his "Prisoner of Zenda." Only, Mr. MacGrath has two heroes, equally likeable; two heroines, equally beautiful and lovable. He has led the time-worn situations into new fields, has clothed his characters in new attire. Instead of the automobile atmosphere of the twentieth century, he transports the reader to the vineyards of a German principality, just after the Civil War in America. This allows him a greater latitude for fanciful incidents, and he makes good use of his opportunities. Of course, the tale is highly improbable, which does not in the least detract from the fact that it is an excellent companion for a long summer afternoon. ("The Goose Girl." By Harold MacGrath. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)



GOOD HOT-WEATHER READING

The Goose Girl

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

Charm is the word that fits this story. Charm of place—the fragrant,

sunny vineyards of the Rhine country. Charm of plot—all our castles in the air come true. Charm of characterization—men and women whom we love to know and know to love. Charm of style—simple, clear, poetic and humorous. Charm of incident, adventure and of outcome.

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BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

Quite as interesting as first editions of a famous novel are the first editions of noted etchings or drawings by famous artists, hence a copy of the first illustrated edition of Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," containing six elaborate outline drawings by that prince of American illustrators, Felix O. C. Darley, which I found in the Old Book Shop this week, was of peculiar interest. Of additional interest is the fact that these drawings were done at the invitation of the American Art Union, for the members of 1849, and when published in 1850, formed an epoch in American art history, being regarded as the first truly artistic specimens of their kind in the new world.

* * *

Felix Darley had high ideals and cherished a noble ambition. Although his inventive pencil was called upon to do much that was merely casual, the emolument it brought permitted him to undertake, purely as a work of love, the illustration of a remarkable story of New England primitive life, called "Margaret," written by Sylvester Judd, a Unitarian clergyman of Maine. While intense in its psychological phases, graphic in its details of still-life, powerful and subtle in its grasp of character and vivid in its sense of beauty, it was yet crude in execution and inartistic. But the admirable series of drawings made from its pages by F. O. C. Darley, whose pencil brought out with extraordinary beauty and effect the varieties of character of the book, and its occasional dramatic and picturesque scenes, were hailed with delight by all lovers of true art for their delicacy and vigor of expression.

* * *

His next big undertaking was the illustrating of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," which greatly appealed to Darley's imagination. "Its national theme and standard literary execution, fresh descriptions and individuality of character," says one writer, captivated the artist who wrought out the studies in the most earnest and sympathetic spirit, placing him at once in the front rank of original, graceful, expressive artists. The same commentator quoted says: "At home and abroad the designs were hailed by every lover of the beautiful, student of character, and votary of expression, pure, genuine and powerful, through the simplest but subtlest lines of the draughtsman."

* * *

Darley reveled in the humorous depiction and his principal designs are for a series of humorous stories, such as are found in Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," "Sketch-Book," "Knickerbocker's New York," the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—the prize I found this week—and "Rip Van Winkle." Cooper's stories are greatly enriched by his graphic pencil, and his spirited and popular illustrations for Dickens' works are still favorites. Of his larger compositions, four well-known engravings are "Wyoming," "The First Blow For Liberty," "Washington's Entry Into New York" and "The Seasons," the latter representing phases of American farm life.

* * *

For Cooper's novels Darley made

more than five hundred designs—all characteristic scenes chiefly from American life. When the young Prince Eugene Napoleon visited America on his yacht trip, he placed a commission with Darley for a group of purely American scenes, and, in compliance, the artist executed for the prince's favorite collection "Emigrants Attacked by Indians on the Prairie," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Unwilling Laborer" and "The Repose."

* * *

In the Civil War his graphic and patriotic pencil delineated, with dramatic truth, many a significant incident and scene, from "Giving Comfort to the Enemy"—a rebel woman handing a cup of water, by her cottage door, to a worn and weary union trooper—to "Foraging in Virginia" and the chivalric charge of the lamented young Dahlgren at Fredericksburg, Va. The latter is accounted one of the most spirited artistic illustrations of the war for the Union. It represents a hand-to-hand cavalry fight, and Darley shows four encounters of men and horses in fierce action.

* * *

One of his most bubbling humorous scenes is that portraying a visit of the Reverend Mr. Stiggins to the incorrigible Sam Weller in prison. Old Tony leans upon the back of an armchair, enjoying Sam's mock solicitude for the physical welfare of "the Shepherd," while Mrs. Weller is sentimental in another corner. It was not until he had reached maturity of years and career that Darley visited Europe, after the War of the Rebellion had closed. In London he was offered enough work by the publishers to keep him busy for the remainder of his active life, but beyond undertaking a few commissions he entered into no contracts requiring assiduous attention. His special forte, as it was his constant love, was the delineation of American subjects, and in this work he had remarkable range, from the beautiful to the grotesque. A study of his compositions reveals his great facility and felicity of style, whether in treating the broadly humorous or the graceful, pensive subjects; while at all times he is fanciful in conception.

* * *

Aside from the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" outline drawings, one of his characteristic designs in my possession is called "After a Good Day's Sport," etched by Stephen J. Ferris. It is of additional interest to me because the scene is California, in the high Sierras, and shows a hunter resting under a noble pine, with a bear and two cubs, lifeless, stretched at his feet. On the far side of the tree is a pack burro, also resting and evidently glad to have unloaded the day's spoils. It is an attractive piece of work; the man, the dead bears, the burro, the big pines and the thick foliage in the background all being intensely American. Every lover of his country should endeavor to have at least one typical Darley drawing in his house, if only to evince his respect and admiration for an accomplished artist who was so ardently American in his choice of subjects.

S. T. C.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, the board of directors, the orchestra itself, and the public are to be congratulated upon the engagement of Mme. Jomelli as soloist for the opening orchestra concert, November 12. A magnificent singer and woman of charming personality is Mme. Jeanne Jomelli. It has been a surprise to meet people frequently who are residents of this beautiful city, proud of it, fond of it, and "love music," who did not attend the Symphony Orchestra concerts last year. It is time such woke up, for this orchestra is now doing work that none can afford to miss hearing.

That a certain amount of knowledge concerning the orchestra is desired by all listeners is conceded, and it has not been an easy knowledge to obtain without much reading through a sifting process. However, now there is a book obtainable, "The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do; a Primer for Concert Goers," by Daniel Gregory Mason, whose object is to assist the concert-goer in recognizing the various orchestral instruments, both by sight and hearing, and to stimulate his perception of the thousand and one beauties of orchestral coloring. As a help to the eye, the descriptions of the appearance of the instruments are supplemented by pictures; in order to assist recognition by ear, the divers registers of instruments are discussed with some particularity, it is vouchsafed in the preface. The topics taken up in this helpful little book are "The Orchestra as a Whole," "The Stringed Instruments," "The Wood-wind and Brass Instruments," "The Percussion Instruments," "Orchestral Combinations," "Scores and Score-reading." These may sound a little weighty, but the clever, simple way the subjects are treated makes interesting as well as instructive reading throughout. The regular subscribers to the season of local orchestral concerts will find this an invaluable book on this subject. It is published by the H. W. Gray Company of New York. The illustrations of the various instruments were obtained through Walter Damrosch, members of his orchestra having posed for this publication.

Now that the opera season is over, absolutely nothing is going on in the field of music. The prominent musicians are scattered seaward and mountainward, and many more than usual are remaining at home. That such an excellent season of opera should have been so poorly patronized is a source of regret, and is difficult of explanation.

Several years ago Los Angeles became very fond of a wonderfully clever violinist — Sada Wertheim — who, after an engagement with the Orpheum management, toured Southern California and gave several splendid recitals in this city. All this practical experience was on the advice of Ysaye, whose pupil she was for several years, winning a first prize in Brussels. Two years ago I heard most excellent things of her in Berlin, where she had had lessons from Joachim for a number of years. Joachim took a personal interest in this talented girl, recognizing also her dramatic talent. Considerable time also was given to a beautiful voice. The dramatic and vocal talent are now being put to use to the exclusion of violin playing for Sada Wertheim is leading woman in "The Climax" in the middle states.

Miss Bessie Herbert Bartlett is studying in London with Watkin Mills, the oratorio singer, who has sung several times in Los Angeles. Late in September Miss Bartlett and her father, Mr. A. G. Bartlett, go to Paris.

Signor Ricardo Luceschi, formerly of the New England Conservatory, Boston, has severed his connection with the Von Stein Academy and opened a studio on South Hope street for

pupils in vocal, pianoforte and composition. Signor Luceschi is making steady progress on his opera, "Marquise de Pompadour," and is now at the third act. He plans to orchestrate it next month.

Mrs. W. H. Porterfield, soprano, of Sacramento, and a leading member of the Saturday Musical Club of that city, is passing a part of her holiday here.

The names of Paloma and Karla Schramm are among those of a prominent manager of Chicago who is booking artists in eastern cities.

Ellis Club, that sterling organization of male voices, will resume active rehearsals next Tuesday evening. Should there be new voices in the city that desire to sing in this club, there are without doubt vacancies this early in the season. Last year the club numbered sixty and eighty would not be too many, if care is exercised in the selection of new material. Mr. Poulin is the conductor.

Society women in Brussels have undertaken to provide music for the patients in hospitals. They engage singers and players who perform in a room of the hospital for all who can be safely brought there. Then the musicians visit the separate wards and rooms, and entertain those whom it would not be safe to take out of their beds.

Apropos of the "passionate press agent," the Wolfsohn bureau sends the following interesting information concerning certain stars of the first magnitude, who are to appear soon:

Mme. Schumann-Heink will open her season with a song recital at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, September 20, and after her series of twenty concerts in the middle west and Canada, in October, she will return east for her New York recital in Carnegie Hall, Saturday afternoon, November 6. Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing in more than one hundred concerts between October 1 and April 30, traveling from coast to coast, after which she will make a festival tour in May. She is to appear in five Boston symphony concerts in December, and will also appear with the Theodore Thomas Chicago Orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra.

Fritz Kreisler, the eminent violinist, will return for an American tour after an absence of two years, and will play eighty concerts during his season, opening his tour in his own recital at Carnegie Hall, Saturday afternoon, October 23, to be followed by concerts in Boston, Chicago and other points in the middle west and east until the latter part of November, when he is booked for twenty concerts on the Pacific coast, returning east in January.

Of unusual interest and importance will be the coming of Rachmaninoff, the distinguished Russian composer-pianist and conductor, whose first American appearance will be in conjunction with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, Boston and several cities in the early part of November. He will also appear with the Theodore Thomas Chicago Orchestra, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the New York Symphony, and in his own Rachmaninoff recitals and chamber music concerts. In some of the orchestral concerts, Rachmaninoff will appear as soloist and conductor, playing one of his own concertos, and conducting on such occasions when one of his symphonies is produced. Of the many Rachmaninoff orchestral compositions, his second symphony in E minor opus 27, has been commented upon as being the most significant Russian composition since Tchaikovsky's sixth. As a pianist, Rachmaninoff has been acclaimed as a most extraordinary artist, while his skill as conductor has won him renown as an interpreter of the old classics, as well as modern compositions, Richard Strauss, etc. Rachmaninoff's first New York recital will take place at Carnegie Hall, Saturday afternoon, November 20, the program of which will include his famous "Preludes." Rachmaninoff will remain in America until the middle of January.

An interesting new-comer to be presented will be Mlle. Yolande Mero, the Hungarian pianiste, who has met with such enthusiasm in London in a series of orchestral concerts, and her own recitals, with such success that the management was obliged to take a larger hall for the last three recitals in order to accommodate the public. Yolande Mero will make her American debut Monday evening, November 8, in an orchestral concert in Carnegie Hall.

Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey will open her season November 10, when she will appear for the fifth time within four years with the New York Philharmonic Society. Mrs. Rider-Kelsey will also appear in four concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and will be heard in a series of recitals through the middle west and Canada.

The passionate press agent is supposed to be a modern phenomenon, remarks the New York Post, but Barnum himself could hardly have improved on the following, which appeared in the London Daily Advertiser, July 11, 1765: "To all art-lovers: The greatest wonder of which Europe, nay, the whole world, can boast, is, without possibility of contradiction, the little German boy, Wolfgang Mozart; an eight-year-old boy, who has aroused—for the best of reasons—the admiration not only of the most prominent men

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represents the climax of pianistic achievement; but Liszt, Rubinstein, Thalberg and other players of the past earned fortunes, while among those of the present may be further named Josef Hofmann, who has in Russia and Mexico the same \$5,000 houses that Paderewski has in America and England. Kubelik made half a million dollars with his violin in a few years.

Paderewski's receipts on his first American tour were \$95,000; on his second, \$160,000; on his third, \$248,000; and similar sums came to him on his subsequent tours. This, to be sure,

FATE OF MARY HAIRY CHIN

To all the dusky Indian maidens
Miss Mary Hairy Chin was mentor;
She wore her locks in shining braids
And deep red ochre down the center.

In all the camps this damsel showed
Her sisters many a fad surprising;
She draped their blankets a la mode,
And taught them attitudinizing.

She scanned the women at the post
And copied fashion's whims and fancies;
But O, the things that pleased her most
Were what they wore at army dances.

She pressed her cheeks against the pane,
And on their dainty costumes doted;
Then straightway cut her gowns en train,
And e'en for low-neck bosoms voted.

In awe the red-skinned braves drew back,
And gazed at her in wondrous rapture;
They hovered near her papa's shack,
But did not dare attempt her capture.

To buck and brave but cold disdain
Miss Mary Hairy Chin vouchsafed 'em;
She let them sigh their love in vain,
And little recked how much it chafed 'em.

Full well she knew than she was none
More beauteous on the reservation;
So, having all their homage won,
She bossed the Minneconjou nation.

Her blear-eyed papa sold his stock
To buy what Mary deemed was proper;
And though it gave her ma a shock
She did not have the nerve to stop her.

So every ration day that passed
Depleted more her papa's ponies,
Until her kinsfolk stood aghast
And gossiped oft among their cronies.

They swore the maidens of the band
Were aping Mary's dress and manners,
And vowed unless they made a stand
That ruin perched' upon their banners.

So all the wise men of the Sioux
Determined to assert their mettle,
And called a council with a view
This most perplexing case to settle.

They dallied with this grievous sin
Until the sun his course had taken,
And then, poor Mary Hairy Chin
By all the solons was forsaken.

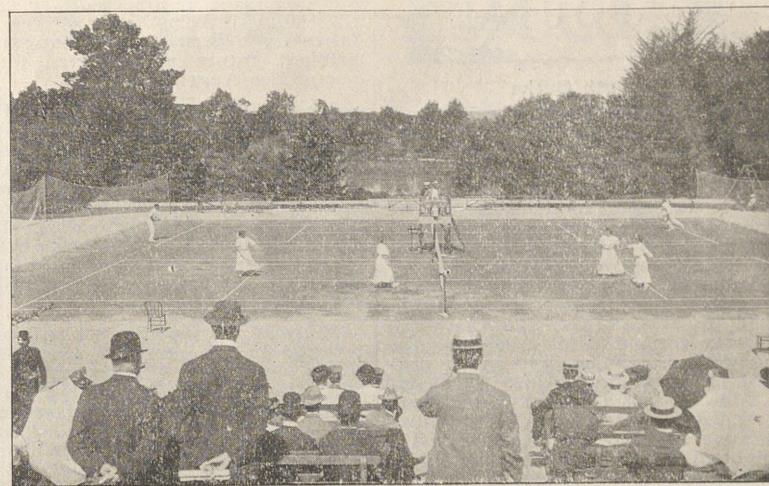
They settled that the ugliest squaws
Should have her shawls and low-neck dresses,
And wear instead her gay gew-gaws
To decorate their frowsy tresses.

And, furthermore, these sages said—
While each maliciously maligned her—
That Mary Hairy Chin should wed
The homeliest warrior they could find her.

And so the maiden was compelled
To doff her gown for greasy garments,
And though her Indian blood rebelled
She had to don the rags and "varmints."

Then, married to a hideous wretch,
Her lot in life became degraded;
He made her wood and water fetch,
Until her beauty all had faded.

Now, old and haggard, worn and thin,
She dresses in the vilest raiment;
Alas! for Mary Hairy Chin,
Her vanity has made full payment. —S. T. C.

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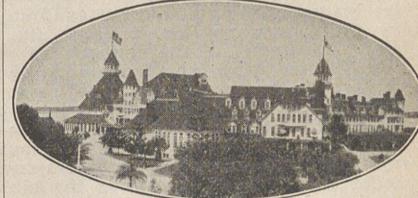
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ENTIRE BASEMENT H. W. HELLMAN BLDG
FOURTH AND SPRING



By Ruth Burke

Marked by handsome appointments and superb brilliancy was the banquet given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara. The affair was given in compliment to Miss Harriet Alexander of San Francisco, who is the house guest of Mrs. Potter's daughter, Miss Nina Jones, and was attended by a number of prominent society folk of this city. The decorations were designed by Mrs. Potter, and the place was transformed into a picturesque palm garden. Yellow and green prevailed in the color scheme. The center table at which Mr. and Mrs. Potter and the matrons and their husbands were seated was decorated with branches of acacia blossoms, arranged about a tall silver candelabrum. In a circle of silver goblets were bouquets of the yellow blossoms, between which were large bows of yellow satin ribbon. Smaller tables, each occupied by a maiden and her escort, were grouped in a semi-circle about the main table. On each of the tete-a-fete tables was a jeweled lamp of green and contrasting bows of yellow ribbon. The jeweled chandelier above was entwined with garlands of ferns and yellow marguerites, with ropes of the blossoms and greenery extending down to each of the small tables. Following the supper a dance was given in the ball room of the hotel. Those present were Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Loyise Clark, Miss Margaretta Park, Miss Margaret Stow, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Loleta Burling, Miss Elizabeth Wolters, Miss Dolly McGavin, Miss Nina Jones, Messrs. Fred Phelps, Barber Hook, John Clark, Arthur Dodworth, Robert Elmore, Harry Gregory, William Wolters, William Frew, Edward Gilbert, Melville Bowman, Rob Wagner and Eldridge Green; Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Carol Brown and Mrs. O. W. Alexander. Mr. and Mrs. Potter's house guests for the week end were Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler, Miss Sally McFarland of Los Angeles, Mrs. O. W. Alexander of San Francisco, Miss Peggy Stow of La Patera, Mr. Horace Cook, Mr. Arthur Dudworth and Mr. Robert Elmore. Miss Nina Jones' guest was Miss Harriet Alexander of San Francisco.

Miss Alexander of San Francisco was recently the guest of honor at an unique entertainment given by Miss Nina Jones of this city, the affair being a picturesque barn dance given a week ago Friday evening at the Potter Country Club on Hope Ranch, Santa Barbara. A number of the younger set of Los Angeles were included among the guests of the occasion. The pretty club house was transformed into a bower of fruits and greenery. A moonlight ride and supper at the famous trysting place on the Herring demesne, under the live oaks, between the club house and the sea was the magnet another evening, and Saturday Miss Jones entertained at dinner at Hotel Potter. Doubtless, this young woman will make a brilliant entree into San Francisco circles next winter, just as she conquered Los Angeles and recently laid Honolulu at her dainty feet.

Of special interest to the host of friends here of Mrs. Frank A. Gibson of 1325 West Adams street and of her son, Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, is the announcement made of the appointment of the latter to the position of second secretary to the American embassy at London. Word of the new honor which her son has attained was received Thursday in a cablegram to Mrs. Gibson, which stated that the appointment was unexpected and came as a pleasant surprise. Mr. Gibson is the promising son of the late Frank A. Gibson, cashier of the First National Bank of this city, who died in 1901. He is twenty-six years old, and since he was

graduated from L'Ecole des Sciences Politique at Paris in 1906, has had two years in the consular service. The position of secretary in the American legation at Tegucigalpa was obtained for Mr. Gibson by Senator Flint in 1907, and owing to the illness of the consul, the young diplomat was charge d'affaires for a period of five months. A brilliant future is predicted for the young Los Angelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington of Oak Knoll, Pasadena, are guests of Mr. Huntington's mother and sister, Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington, who are passing the summer in Piedmont. Mrs. Howard Huntington, formerly Miss Leslie Green of Berkeley, has been the recipient of much delightful entertaining while visiting among relatives and old friends in the north.

Many of the younger set will be interested in the news of Miss Gladys Felt's departure, Wednesday of this week, for Europe. Miss Felt, who for the last year or more has been making her home in Portland, Ore., formerly was one of the popular members of Los Angeles' younger society circles. She plans to sail from New York within the fortnight and will remain for a year or two at Florence, Italy, studying art and music.

Miss Echo Allen, the charming daughter of Judge and Mrs. Allen, entertained with an informal tea at the Annandale Country Club recently. Tea was served on the veranda, Miss Allen's guests numbering ten of the young society women.

As a surprise to many friends comes news of the marriage of Miss Anna Hubbell to Mr. George L. McKeeby, an attorney of Los Angeles and Hollywood. The ceremony was celebrated recently in Paris, Ill., at the home of the bride's cousin, Mr. Roy Bowman. The bride, who passed several months in Los Angeles last winter, is a young woman of many charms and talents. Mr. McKeeby is a member of the Union League and Athletic clubs, and is a brother of Mrs. A. G. Bartlett of Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Keeby, who have enjoyed an extended wedding trip to Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and Canada, returned to the coast via Seattle and other northern cities. They are at home at the Bartlett residence, "Vista del Mar," for a week or ten days, and will later move into their own home on Vine street, Hollywood, where they will receive their friends after September 1.

One of the most delightful of the week's society affairs was the dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. Johnson of West Twenty-eighth street Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Emery Gunnell of Galesburg, Ill., who has been her house guest for a fortnight. Covers were laid for ten. Yesterday Mrs. Gunnell left for Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Mrs. Charles L. Michod and Mrs. John Milner, Jr., were guests recently at Hotel Virginia, where they enjoyed a luncheon following a motoring trip to Long Beach.

Pasadenans are welcoming back Mr. Jack Craig, brother of Mr. Volney Craig of West California street. Mr. Jack Craig, who was a popular society man of Pasadena and Los Angeles, has returned for a short visit after an absence of about ten years. He is superintendent of the Consolidated Goldfields Mines at Johannesburg, Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Willitts J. Hole and daughter, Miss Agnes Hole, of West Sixth street, have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they enjoyed a sojourn of three or four weeks. Miss Hole is entertaining with a week-end party at La Habra, her guests including Misses Carrie Canfield, Eileen Canfield, Ruth Larned, Margaret Miller, Lillian Ford and Messrs. Samuel Rindge, Herbert Brown, Everett Bennett, Ford Prior, Dan Blair and Leo Smith.

Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil and her daughter, Miss Macneil, of South Figueroa street returned the first of the week from Bolsa Chico, where they remained for a week.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Willis Milnor Dixon of Arapahoe street of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lucile Dixon, to Mr. Ralph William Stewart, a young civil engineer associated with the Southern

Pacific railroad in this city. Miss Dixon is a Los Angeles girl, having been graduated from the local high school and later attending the state university. Following her studies she passed a number of months in travel abroad. Mr. Stewart is a graduate of the state university of Wisconsin. The marriage will be one of the early autumn events.

Mrs. Raymond McDonald Alden of Palo Alto, with her two children, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, of 3002 La Salle avenue, for a fortnight. Mrs. Alden was accompanied from the north by her mother, Mrs. S. A. Woodcock, who was her guest for two months.

Judge and Mrs. M. T. Allen, Miss Echo Allen, Miss Lois Allen, Mr. Adolphus Stratton and Mr. H. B. Wrenn of this city formed a merry dinner party at Hotel Virginia last Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard of 2317 Scarff street entertained recently with a box party in compliment to Mrs. Gunnell and her father, Mr. Chappell of Galesburg, who are visiting in Los Angeles. Supper was served afterward at the Alexandria. Besides the guests of honor and the host and hostess, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Dr. and Mrs. Titian J. Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Miss Johnson and Dr. Bertnard Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard V. Day and their daughter, Miss Gretchen Day, of St. James Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Butler of Coronado street, will sail from San Francisco, September 8, on the Manchuria, for a tour of the world. They plan to stop off at Honolulu before visiting the Orient. They expect to witness the Passion Play at Oberammergau and also will visit the Brussels international exposition.

Miss Fielding J. Stilson, with her two children and maid, and with Mrs. William Winter, Miss Olivia Winter and Master Lewis Winter of Mentone, is at Hotel Bayview for a month's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Groenendyke of Pasadena, who are back from visiting with friends in the north, have been house guests of Col. and Mrs. Clinton P. Morehouse, who are occupying their summer cottage at Avalon this summer.

Mrs. W. H. Hellman and daughter, Miss Aimie Hellman, of Los Angeles, who are passing the summer at Hotel Virginia, are entertaining as guests the Misses Kingsbaker of Kansas City, Kan.

Miss Angelita Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips of Harvard boulevard, who returned from a two years' attendance at Stanford last spring, left the earlier part of the week for the east en route to Europe, where she plans to pass a year. In Chicago, Miss Phillips will join Mrs. John Root, with whom she will sail for the continent August 31. Later, they will be



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It gives that verve and physical sparkle that makes the athletic girl herself; it is pre-eminently the corset for the most elaborate evening toilets. The front-lacing feature is a marked comfort and convenience.

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met by Mrs. Root's sister, Miss Harriet Monroe, and will pass the winter in Paris, where Miss Phillips will take history and art lectures at the university. Mrs. Root is prominent in literary and social circles of Chicago and Miss Monroe, who is interested in literary pursuits, gained repute at the time of the Chicago World's Fair by her ode, written in commemoration of the event. She visited in Los Angeles last winter.

September 22 has been chosen by Miss Mabel Wiles and Mr. G. Forest Arnold of San Francisco as the date for their wedding. The evening will be of much interest to the younger set here and the bride-elect and her betrothed will be the recipients of many

delightful pre-nuptial affairs in the fortnight preceding their marriage. The ceremony will be celebrated in Christ church by Rev. Baker P. Lee. Miss Wiles will have her sister, Miss Franklin Wiles, as maid of honor and her maids will be Misses Mildred Neiswender, Phillipa Mitchell, Juanita Lane and Mamie Hooper. Mr. Ray Clark will be best man and the ushers to serve are Messrs. Neil Parker, and Keenan of San Francisco and Dr. J. R. Cowan of this city.

Mrs. A. L. Burbank of 2902 Wilshire boulevard entertained at luncheon Friday, being assisted by her daughter, Miss Grace Burbank. Greenery and pink roses were used in the decorations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Neff and family of Pasadena, who are traveling in Europe, plan to remain in Germany during the winter season. Word has been received from Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kellogg of Pasadena, who, with the children and a party of relatives and friends, are abroad, stating that they will delay their return home for several months.

Mrs. H. J. Whitley of Hollywood has returned after an absence of five months in the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edwin Page and their daughters, Misses Lulu and Elizabeth Page, who have been traveling and visiting in the east and south, have returned and again are occupying their home on Elden avenue.

Mr. T. C. Fairbanks, son of former Vice-president Fairbanks, with his wife, baby and nurse, are at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, for a few weeks' outing.

Mr. Horace Donnell of 6312 Pasadena avenue and Mr. Paul Nourse of Berkeley Square, have returned from a week's vacation in the mountains.

Among the affairs planned for next week will be the dinner at the Jonathan Club and the theater party which Mrs. Bernard Potter will give Monday evening in compliment to Mrs. Lily Pulsifer of Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Daniel Jay Schuyler of Chicago, who is in Southern California, was the honored guest at an affair given by Dr. Henry Hall in his home overlooking the Arroyo Seco, North Avenue 66, Garvanza. Other guests were Mrs. Anna Byford Leonard of Pacific Beach, with whom Mrs. Schuyler is visiting. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Byford of Chicago, Mrs. Genevieve Jerrems and daughter, Miss Margerie, of Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano and their guest, Miss Walker, have been enjoying a delightful outing at Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry B. Stehman of South Grand avenue, Pasadena, were host and hostess last Saturday evening at a prettily appointed dinner given in compliment to Mrs. William Peck of New York City, who is the house guest of Mrs. Eldridge M. Fowler. Mrs. Peck and her daughter, Miss Peck, have been special guests at a number of delightful social affairs recently.

Among the prominent Los Angelans who recently registered at Hotel Virginia are Judge and Mrs. M. T. Allen and their charming daughters, Misses Echo and Lois Allen; Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Irvin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis N. Stott, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey W. Peenoy and two daughters; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bowers and son of this city, with Mr. A. C. Hoff of Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. H. Hunt, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Long, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Trood, Mrs. Courtland H. Dodd, Mrs. J. W. English and three children and Mr. Walter J. Trask.

Miss Ethel Thomas, cousin of United States Senator Robert LaFollette, and Miss Woodworth, both of Madison, Wis., are guests for a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Jess on Harvard boulevard. The young women will remain in Southern California for the remainder of the summer.

Among the Los Angelans who registered at Hotel del Coronado recently were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richards, Mrs. Chambers, Mr. William Chambers, Miss Neva A. Chappell, Miss Nellie C. Brower, Mr. W. C. Furrey, Mr. W. B. Furrey, Mr. L. H. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Blumenberg, Mr. W. L. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Don A. Judd, Mr. Horace P. Keel-

er, Mr. A. B. Elias, Mr. C. F. Bauchweber, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lincoln, Mr. R. A. Renton, Mr. R. Bruce Carter, Mr. W. H. Halliwell, Jr., Mr. Bert Smith, Mrs. Fred Prindle, Mr. P. M. Junius, Mrs. M. A. Beacon, Mr. C. Haydock, Mr. Harry C. Carr, Mrs. L. L. Carr, Miss. K. C. Carr, Mrs. Albert Duffil, Mrs. George N. Hitchcock, Mrs. David Hitchcock, Miss Avery, Miss Elizabeth Avery, Mr. F. M. Bryon, Mr. G. C. McCarmies, Mr. F. C. Kohne, Mr. J. J. O'Donnell, Mrs. F. E. Warner and daughter, Mr. John W. Davis, Mrs. William Niles, Mr. Frank H. Niles, Mrs. H. S. Anderson and maid, Mr. A. W. Thresher, Mr. E. W. McDowell, Mr. R. S. Callan, and Mr. W. G. Liel.

Mrs. M. J. Turner and daughter, Miss Mae Turner, are home after a three months' absence in New York, where they visited with Mr. Harry J. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Gee have taken apartments for the fall and winter at the Navarro on Alvarado street.

Mr. and Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth have returned from a continental trip of four months, and are at Terminal Island for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Ashley and children are at Hermosa Beach for a month's outing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. LaClaire and their daughter, with Mrs. Walker, mother of Mrs. LaClaire, are visiting at the home of Mr. W. H. Neiswender of 676 South Bonnie Brae street, the uncle of Mr. LaClaire.

Among the prettiest appointed of the week's affairs was the informal luncheon given Friday by Mrs. S. S. Salisbury of Hotel Ingraham in compliment to Mrs. Frank P. Flint, wife of Senator Flint, and Mrs. Flint's mother, Mrs. A. L. Danskin, who have returned to their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Goldthwaite, the latter widely known as Ellen Beach Yaw, the remarkable soprano, have been guests at Mt. Wilson. Saturday evening Mrs. Goldthwaite, whose identity was at that time unknown, was the center of an admiring group of mountain visitors, when she gave an impromptu recital at Echo Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Morse, the latter formerly Miss Ray Johnson, have returned from their bridal trip and are the guests for the remainder of the summer of Mrs. Morse's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, at the Palisades, Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Otis of Pasadena, with their three charming little children and a nurse, have been passing a pleasant holiday at Del Monte.

Mrs. Carry Fay Law, daughter of Mrs. Fred A. Wann of this city, is at Del Monte for a pleasant outing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Roome and Mr. H. V. Roome of this city motored recently to Del Monte in their Rambler. Another motoring party to that popular resort included Mr. Ralph Russell, Mr. Garland Buckingham, Miss Pearle McFarland and Mrs. C. P. Durant, who made the trip in a Buick.

Miss Hazel Rhinock, daughter of Congressman Rhinock of Kentucky, who has been a house guest of Miss Phillipa Mitchell of South Figueroa street, left recently for her home. While a visitor here, Miss Rhinock was the recipient of much social attention.

Miss Nanon Welch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Welch of Marmion Way, left last week on the Steamer President for San Francisco. In Oakland, Miss Welch will be the guest of Mrs. Charles Ferrell for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Crenshaw of Wilton place left this week for a three weeks' northern trip, visiting the Yellowstone and Seattle.

Judge and Mrs. Henry Clay Gooding and their daughter, Miss Gertrude Gooding, of 1926 South Grand avenue, have returned from a visit of several weeks at Catalina Island.

Miss Jean Craib leaves this morning for a fortnight's outing in the north. She will visit first with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Craib, at the St. Mark's Hotel in Oakland and later will pass a week at Arrowhead Springs.

In honor of Mrs. Wallace Cahill Ayer

of Denver and New York, who is visiting here this summer with her aunt, Mrs. James H. Abbott of Key West street, Mrs. Walter J. Wren of West Seventh street entertained Tuesday afternoon with an informal bridge party. Mrs. Ayer was formerly Miss Delia Plumstead of this city, and prior to her marriage a few years ago she won distinction and honors as a singer, having been identified as leading soprano with the Bostonians toward the last part of that famous opera company's existence.

One of the pretty affairs of the week was the informal five hundred party given Tuesday evening by Mrs. W. W. Dodge at her home on South Broadway in compliment to Miss O'Brien of Burlington, Iowa, and Miss Sara Siebert of Pittsburgh, Pa., who are her house guests. Ten tables were set for the game.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert D. Requa have gone to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks' stay.

In honor of Lieutenant J. A. Gibbs, U. S. N., who is visiting in Los Angeles, Miss Constance Humphreys entertained Friday evening at her home with an informal dinner. The affair was marked by handsome appointments and was one of the delightful events of the week.

Mrs. Mary Banning of this city was the hostess recently at a small luncheon part at Hotel Virginia.

An announcement which comes as a surprise to many friends is that of the marriage, Tuesday, in San Francisco, of Miss Ada Shaw and Mr. J. O. Kriehn. After visiting Portland and Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. Kriehn will return to Los Angeles to make their home. They will receive their friends after September 1 at 3321 South Grand avenue.

Master Junior Goodrich, son of Mrs. M. E. Goodrich of 2190 West Thirtieth street, left Tuesday evening for San Francisco, where he will join his brother, Mr. R. E. Goodrich, and remain for a ten days' visit.

For the week ending August 16 the following Los Angelans were among

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those registering at Hotel Del Monte: Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. McMahon, Mrs. C. P. Durant, Mrs. C. F. Law, Miss Pearle McFarland, Mr. Garland Buckingham, Mr. Ralph Russell, Miss Eliot M. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rome, Mr. H. V. Roome and Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Mana. Mr. R. C. Otis and family of Pasadena were among those who motored to Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Edwards of Harvard boulevard left recently for a three months' trip through the east. After visiting in the middle west and the principal Atlantic cities, they will go to Baltimore, where they will be the guests of relatives. Returning to Los Angeles just before the holidays, they will stop at Portland.

Messrs. Arthur Mace and his cousin, Mr. Dod Rowan of this city, have returned from a camping trip in Bear Valley.

Mrs. Frederick Wingfield Armstrong of Romeo street entertained informally Friday afternoon with a small tea in compliment to Miss Grace Freeby, who is passing the summer in this city with her parents.

Judge and Mrs. John T. Bicknell of West Seventh street have returned from a trip to Seattle. In their absence they visited at the navy yard with their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Bagg.

Captain and Mrs. J. S. Sedam of Hotel del Coronado have returned to their beach home after a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William Southwood Bell of Cahuenga boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Garner of 819 West Adams street, with their two daughters, Misses Virginia and Jeanette Garner, will remove into their new home at 745 West Adams street in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl of Wilshire boulevard have returned from a two months' outing at the Tavern, Lake Tahoe.

Miss Esther Phillips, daughter of Judge Dixon L. Phillips of Hanford, who has been the house guest of Dr.

(Continued on page 15)


**AT
THE LOCAL
THEATERS**

If the young woman, Ruby Bridges, cast for the part of Adelina Von Hagen, in "The Climax," which last Monday entered on a two weeks' engagement at the Mason, were less precise in her deportment and speech, less suggestive of a proper New England school teacher, instead of a temperamental young singer, daughter of a foreign mother, also a singer, and a Dutch violin teacher, the play would be more convincing and her highly conscientious work more satisfying. But as a leopard cannot change his spots, neither can Miss Bridges change her disposition and her natural endowments. She has a sweet, but small voice, of fair cultivation, but is utterly lacking in artistic qualities, so that her offer to stab herself when she finds her voice temporarily gone, comes as a bit of unnaturalism. As the daughter of her mother, the impulse would be understandable were the girl endowed with an emotional nature, but in its absence she is merely posing. Her elocution, too, is marred by a painful whistling of words through her teeth, so noticeable in her former appearance here in the "Man of the Hour" company. Thus, when she would be most impressive, one hears "Just let me shing my shong," or, "let me shay shomeshing," and the effect is lost.

Edward Locke has conceived a pretty little story, which at no stage reaches dramatic heights. Adelina goes to New York to study singing, an art bequeathed by her mother. A distant relative, Luigi Gofanti, a teacher of the polite old school, and his modern son, Pietro, invite her to share their home. A young doctor, an early playmate in her Ohio town, follows her and renews his proffer of love. Pietro also fancies that he loves his father's pupil and remote kinswoman. Adelina's throat requires operating upon, and after it is successfully treated by a specialist, Dr. Raymond is left in charge. By the power of suggestion, he causes the girl to believe her voice is gone, and in despair of attaining a career, she agrees to marry him and go back to Ohio. The climax comes the day of the wedding, when her voice suddenly returns. Raymond confesses his perfidy, which he practiced out of love for her, but the girl is furious and denounces him. Later, Luigi's counsels prevail; he divines that Adelina really loves the doctor and the curtain falls, leaving the audience fairly well satisfied that she will send for her fiance.

Walter Wilson as Luigi Gofanti does excellent work. In make-up, gestures and accent he gives a delightful portrayal of the transplanted Italian, earning a precarious living at his art. Albert Latscha, as the son, Pietro, is a young cub who gives piano lessons and is inspired by the girl's presence to indulge in original compositions. He is a typical New Yorker of the middle class, with that unacquaintance with the seventh letter of the alphabet, so characteristic of his kind. With him playing is playin'; trying, tryin', and doing, doin', and so on, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. In a youngster supposed to be artistic to his fingertips, this is extremely irritating. The Dr. John Raymond of Edwin August is without special individuality. His exits are awkward, his love-making rather tame, his mouth too long left open when depicting surprise or astonishment. Thus Mr. Locke's little masterpiece is handicapped, except in the instance named. The result is a play that instead of exuding atmosphere of intense quality, reveals only banalities because of unconvincing speeches. It is a pity, for it has great possibilities.

S. T. C.

"Royal Family" at the Belasco

Robert Marshall's romantic comedy, "A Royal Family," is being given a charming production by the Belasco company this week. The play itself is a simple, undramatic idyl, with a delicately pretty love story, very much like the novelettes of the day. Helen Holmes plays the wilful Princess Angela with a naive sweetness that is bewitching. It requires no stretch of

the imagination to regard Miss Holmes as a girl of nineteen, and her acting is as fetching as her appearance. Richard Bennett makes the part of Prince Victor so fervently ardent and so good to look upon that the matinee girls must experience shivers of delight when he makes love to his princess. It seems a pity that Mr. Bennett cannot be given greater opportunity for his undoubtedly talents, although he plays his "nice boy" parts in adorable fashion. David Hartford adds another excellent characterization to his repertory in his part of the king, and Richard Vivian is well-nigh perfect in his role of the boyish priest. The surprise of the performance is the work of Beatrice Noyes as little Prince Charles. Her illusion of childhood is remarkable. Great things are required of no member of the company, but they all play well up to their high standard. One might suggest to Sheldon Lewis that a cardinal would scarcely address a queen as "mam," in the accent of a down-east Yankee; or remind Charles Buck that a well-trained servant would not call a cardinal "Your Eminency."

"Jack Straw" at the Burbank

"Jack Straw," the frivolous and harmless bit of English comedy perpetrated by W. Somerset Maugham, is being given an adequate and occasionally brilliant production at the Burbank this week. The play itself is a frothy bit of nonsense, very English, and flimsily entertaining. Byron Beasley comes into his own as the hero of the drama. Mr. Beasley was hiding his light playing seconds, and he bursts into full stellar splendor in leading roles. He makes a most charming and likeable archduke—never obvious and always artistic. The remainder of the company is not so much at home in English situations, with the exception of Lovell Alice Taylor, who plays an English gentlewoman as if she were a creature of flesh and blood. Blanche Hall is handicapped by unbecoming gowns, although she does the small part allotted her as sincerely as possible. Harry Mestayer is good as the "horsey" Englishman, who proves himself a true sportsman, but Henry Stockbridge makes Vincent Jennings too much of a caricature. One is forced to wonder why the role of Mrs. Parker-Jennings was not entrusted to the hands of Louise Royce. Maude Beatty's idea of the role would be very satisfactory in a burlesque or an extravaganza, but it is absurdly overdone and boisterous in legitimate. A word is due the management of the Burbank for the artistic renovation of the interior—the theater having been transformed during the last few days with new chairs, new hangings and new fixtures. The suggestion is renewed to Mr. Beasley that he divorce himself from "A." Byron, now that he is "the" Byron of the Morosco company.

Entertaining Bill at Orpheum

Top liner at the Orpheum this week is Lily Lena, a charming English comedienne, who sings rather inane, vulgar songs in a manner surprisingly refined and repressed. Her various costumes are most fetching. Julius Tannen, monologist, rattles off the patter of his kind in entertaining manner, and keeps it commendably free of coarseness, which cannot be said of many of his type. The Gibson "Electrified Girl Review" provides a setting for a statuesque young person, but has not much merit as a whole. Charlotte Parry, in her clever character work and lightning costume changes, in "The Comstock Mystery," continues to be the best thing on the bill this week, as well as last. The three Donals and their acrobatic feats provide interest for admirers of their sort of performances. Selma Braatz and "The Patriot" are also on the program, and the Three Leightons still offer their amusing, familiar variety of fun.

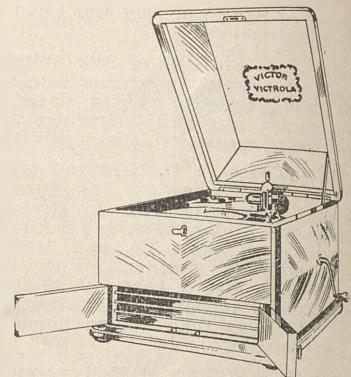
Offerings Next Week

Edgar Selwyn's play, "Pierre of the Plains," founded on one of Gilbert Parker's widely known stories of the Canadian northwest, will have its first coast production Monday night, at the Belasco Theater, with Richard Bennett in the role of Pierre, the half-breed gambler—the part played in New York by Mr. Selwyn. The role of Pierre should afford Richard Bennett fine opportunity for the display of his recognized artistry. Helen Holmes will be cast for the girl in the case, Charles Giblyn will play her hot-

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brother, and Richard Vivian will be found in the part of Redding, sergeant of the mounted police, while the other members of the Belasco company will be assigned roles in which their individual talents will have full scope.

Edward J. Locke's drama, "The Climax," which has been holding the Mason Opera House boards the past week, will continue for another week. Following it will come Eugene Walter's play of American life, "Paid in Full." This play is now in its third year and has made a remarkable success, both in New York and on the road. It is promised that a competent New York cast will present it at the Mason.

With Miss Blanche Hall in the Marie Doro role of Carlotta, and Byron Beasley as Sir Marcus, the part played in Miss Doro's support by Edwin Arden, the Burbank stock company will present for the first time in stock William J. Locke's four-act comedy, "The Morals of Marcus," first made known to Los Angeles audiences two months ago by Marie Doro. Others of the Burbank players who will be prominently cast include Harry Mestayer, Henry Stockbridge, Willis Marks, Frederick Gilbert, Lovell Alice Taylor, Louise Royce, Margo Duffet and Lillian Hayward.

Laughter will be the keynote of the Orpheum bill beginning Monday, August 23. First comes Sam Watson's farmyard circus—a "skit for children of 6 to 60." Watson employs cats, dogs, a donkey, roosters, and a funny little pig with a curly tail, to produce an act that is said to be both entertaining and novel. Griff, who is described as "London's juggling, jesting Johnny," is a recent addition to the circuit, having come across almost unheralded, but winning his way with the worth of his act. Walter Schröde and Lizzie Mulvey will present "A Theatrical Agency," which gives glimpses of a side of theatrical life those in front of the footlights seldom see. Hibbert and Willing, with "Oh, Man!" will provide the black-face minstrelsy act of the bill. Holding over are Lily Lena, the Gibson Girls, the Three Donals, and Julius Tannen.

Asides

Charles Frohman has decided upon the Hudson Theater for the first American performance of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Fires of Fate," which has just had an extended season at the Lyric Theater, London. Mr. Frohman has definite assurance from Sir Conan Doyle that the author will come to America for the production. Mr. Frohman has engaged Edwin Arden, who was seen in Los Angeles last spring in Marie Doro's company, for a prominent part in "Israel," the new Bernstein play that is to have its first production at the Gaiety Theater, New York, and the cast of which will also include Constance Collier, who has been acting with Sir Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theater, London. Vernon Steele, a young English actor, for some time a member of the Playhouse company, London, has been selected as leading man for Miss Billie Burke. Miss Burke's season in "Love Watchers" will be resumed at Des Moines, Iowa, September 6. She will be seen in Los Angeles later in the season, returning to Chicago in November and playing there the final performances of "Love Watchers" while rehearsing a new play.

"Going Some," the Rex Beach-Paul Armstrong farce, which enlivened the summer season in New York, will be the initial offering of The Shuberts at the Auditorium, opening Monday night, September 6. It is the story of the trouble encountered by a young college man who deludes the cowboys of the Flying Heart Ranch in New Mexico into the belief that he is a champion sprinter. The complications that ensue when he is called upon to "deliver the goods" for the honor of the Flying Heart form the plot of the play. Following this farce, comes "The Witching Hour," the great mental suggestion drama.

Charles Frohman has received word from J. M. Barrie that his next comedy will be ready in December. Mr. Frohman will produce the piece in London and in America. Mr. Frohman has now in rehearsal for early production the following plays: "Detective Sparkes," "The Dollar Princess," "Arsene Lupin," "The Flag Lieutenant" and "Inconstant

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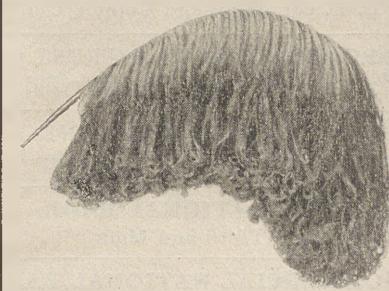
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George." In London Mr. Frohman is at the same time preparing for early production W. Somerset Maugham's newest comedy "Smith," "Arsene Lupin" and "Madame X."

Irene George has signed a contract to appear with Fritzi Scheff in "The Prima Donna" on the Pacific coast tour. Miss George, who had been rehearsing with "The Dollar Princess," decided last week that the heat was too much for her and resigned from the cast. She had made all arrangements to sail for London early next week when Charles Dillingham offered her a part with Fritzi Scheff.

Already, Manager Behymer has made arrangements for noted attractions in the music line for the coming season. George Kruger, the concert pianist, has united with Ignaz Haroldi and they will both appear in Los Angeles early in the season. Among the other attractions are Dr. Ludwig Wullner, Madame Schumann-Heink and Mme. Marcella Sembrich.

"The Melting Pot" will open in New York September 6 in the new Comedy Theater of the Shuberts in Forty-first street. Walker Whiteside, who created the part of David Quixano, will have Miss Chrystal Herne as support in the role of Vera Ravendal, as well as John Blair and Grant Stewart.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of Charles M. Thomas, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Charles M. Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at Room 611, Los Angeles Trust Building, corner of Second and Spring streets, in the City of Los Angeles, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.
Dated this 27th day of March, A. D. 1909.
First publication, August 14, 1909.
L. H. NOLTE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles M. Thomas, Deceased.
W. W. BUTLER,
Atty. for Administrator.

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Bank stocks continue to have the call for investment purpose in the local securities market, and with Security Savings selling firmly close up to \$400 a share, for all of the floating stock offered, the remarkable uplift in prices indicates an indefinite bull market all along the line. Upward of fifty shares of Security were marketed this week, two brokers doing all of the trading. It is stated that the stock is being picked up by an eastern capitalist, whose name is a household word and who, while he is not yet a permanent resident of Southern California, expects at an early day to make this city his home.

In addition to Security Savings, Citizens National also appears to be on the boom. The stock of the latter bank is selling at about \$200 a share, a gain of twenty points since the last report. Central National has begun to join the bull procession, as assiduously predicted in this column would be the case, and the shares are in demand around 175. At that, Central, with a book value of about 185, remains an excellent purchase. First National is marking time, and 500 bids fair to be the price for a spell.

In the oils, the Unions appear to have struck their ordinary mid-summer listlessness. With a part of the Los Angeles western city field gone to the bad, apparently, several of the standard issues are wobbly. Central, out at Whittier, is reported to have encountered two exceptional producers, and the stock this week swung upward about fifteen points. Old Central, one of the reliables of a past decade, every so often insists upon supplying something of a market sensation. Several of the lesser known and cheaper oils are stated to be due for a rise in prices of considerable magnitude.

All of the industrials are weak and a trifle listless, with Los Angeles Home inactive and with San Diego Home pretty well recovered from the bear baiting to which the stock was subjected for several days recently.

Bonds continue inactive, with Associated 5s about the liveliest issue in this class of securities.

Money rules easy, with supply as well as demand both again nearly normal.

Thus far, the recent absorption of the mining exchange by its more responsible rival has proved a decided success, and there is no doubt that the amalgamation will arouse a healthy interest in the securities formerly specialized by the Los Angeles-Nevada organization, which, by the way, appear to be a decided favorite trader in San Francisco.

One of these days, the best known of the Arizona, Mexico and Nevada coppers, regarded as good as government bonds in Boston and New York, also will be traded in down here, in considerable volume. Such a move undoubtedly would prove of advantage to all concerned.

Banks and Banking

In speaking of the fall outlook, James B. Forgan of the First National Bank of Chicago is quoted as saying: "Everything at this time points to a much firmer money market in the near future. Conditions are no different this year than in any of the previous ones. So far as requirements during the fall crop-moving period are concerned, the banks will draw their balances from the centers just as soon as the country needs the funds, and the movement to the interior should reach normal proportions soon. We are already shipping currency in the customary proportion at this season. The present revival of business is a stable condition, and the gradual increase of industrial activity will continue to absorb more funds. Rates for money are now pretty firmly fixed around 4½ per cent. Some commercial paper is being offered at lower figures, although the First National is not attracted by such discounts. I feel that money rates will rise to an average of 5 per cent within a few weeks."

Los Angeles soon will have another national bank, information having

been received here of the granting of a charter to the Pacific National Bank of Los Angeles. No official announcement of the plans for the new institution have been given out as yet, but H. A. Coit, secretary of the Bank of Southern California, has stated that the new bank would have no connection with the state bank, although J. M. Neeland and F. E. Edwards, president and vice-president, respectively, of the first-named institution, have been named as similarly associated in the proposed new bank. M. H. Newmark and Fred H. Haskell also are interested in the project. At present Los Angeles has ten national banks, but this number will be reduced to nine with the consolidation of the Citizens National and the American National. The organization of the projected bank will restore the status quo.

Next year in Scotland will be celebrated the centenary anniversary of the institution of savings banks, which is a Scotch invention. While there were savings institutions of various descriptions in France, Germany and in England, prior to the nineteenth century, the first embodying the principles of the modern savings bank was the Ruthwell Savings Bank, established by Henry Duncan in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, in May, 1810. Dr. Duncan was a Presbyterian clergyman, a friend of Dr. Carlyle, and his purpose was to encourage thrift among the poor. The first savings bank in the United States was opened in Boston, Mass., in 1817. Today the largest savings bank in the world is in the United States—the Bowery Savings Bank of New York City, whose deposits exceed one hundred million dollars. The aggregate deposits of the savings banks of the United States exceed three and a half billions.

Stockholders of the Citizens National Bank of Long Beach have been notified of a 10 per cent assessment to be levied against them. Any stockholder not paying the assessment by October 2 will have his stock declared forfeited and the same will then be sold at the original value. Following this, another assessment will be made and later a 5 per cent levy. These three assessments will net \$62,500, the sum required for allowing the bank to open its doors and resume business. Directors of the bank will elect new officers August 23. Frank McCutcheon and Councilman H. S. Callahan, both prominent business men of Long Beach, are among those mentioned for the presidency.

Los Angeles continues to maintain the lead in the percentage of gain in bank clearings. For the week ending at noon Thursday, local clearings were reported at \$13,921,413, an increase of 48 per cent. San Diego comes second with \$1,084,739, a gain of 46 per cent. Oakland with clearings of \$1,879,852, has a gain of 21 per cent. San Francisco, \$40,575,468, records a gain of 14 per cent. Fresno with \$466,660 has a gain of 1 per cent. Sacramento with \$994,289 has a loss of 0.8 per cent. Stockton reports clearings of \$637,860, and San Jose makes no report for the week. The total clearings of the seven cities was \$59,560,015.

Mid-August revealed the New York surplus bank reserve the highest for that period, with two or three exceptions, in a decade, and with the Bank of England's stock of gold and ratio of reserve the highest reached in August since 1896, are indications which would not ordinarily foreshadow high money in autumn. Yet London has rather persistently predicted such an outcome. Last Saturday the New York surplus bank reserve was \$25,900,000; last Thursday the Bank of England's ratio of reserve to liability was 51½ per cent.

James Patterson of Cucamonga has been elected cashier of the Farmers' Exchange National Bank of San Bernardino, succeeding J. F. Johnson, who recently resigned. Mr. Patterson, in accepting his new post, relinquishes the cashiership of the Cucamonga National Bank.

Stock and Bond Briefs

New bids are to be advertised for the sale of the school bonds, voted last winter, and expert opinion seems to be convinced that with the money markets in their present condition, these securities probably will not bring the big premium they would have commanded had the so-called Spencer suit

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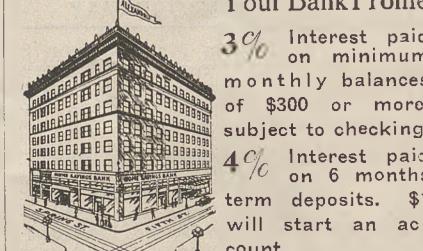
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not intervened. Bonds are a financial favorite with investors only in times of stress in the business and financial world. That was the case when the Los Angeles county road bonds were marketed. It is pointed out that with prosperity again doing business at the old stand, with municipal and school bonds having recently been disposed of in carload lots in certain localities, the school securities may prove difficult of conversion into cash.

It has been decided by the Los Angeles council to advertise for bids for the sale of the city hall site and for the acquisition of a new site where a new structure for the municipal offices may be erected. Sealed bids will be received up to September 21, and must be accompanied by a certified check of \$1,000.

Electors of Holtville union high school district, Imperial county, will hold an election September 4 at Holtville to vote bonds in the sum of \$65,000 for school purposes. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent.

Electors of the Fillmore union high school district, Ventura county, will hold an election September 11 to vote bonds in the sum of \$40,000 for school purposes. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

Bonds in the sum of \$15,000 will be voted on September 13 in the Glendale union high school district, the funds to be used for the completion of the high school building, purchasing lots and building additions.

Beaumont high school district will vote on an issue of \$18,000 bonds September 3 for purchasing a site for and building and furnishing a high school building. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent.

Preliminary plans have been prepared for the proposed sewer system which Anaheim citizens are considering at a cost of \$60,000. An election to vote bonds for the project will probably be called soon.

Anaheim citizens have presented their trustees with a petition asking that a bond election be called to vote an issue of \$60,000 for sewer purposes.

Where the Profits Come From

Since the consolidation has been effected, interest in real estate flames with a new vigor, and details of realty business are more than apropos. Proof positive of the value of local real estate is afforded by the statement of Charles A. Elder, president of the Los Angeles Investment Co. and of the Globe Savings Bank. In the last year the value of the company's real estate holdings has increased half a million dollars. The company has made money in other details of the business, although its profits from building construction were less than \$13,000. Street work, such as curbing, sidewalks, sewer work, etc., netted it about twice that amount. Besides this were the profits from the architectural department, dividends from the Globe Savings Bank, sales from its supply houses, and interest on mortgages, secured loans, etc. But aside from this, its greatest profit has come from increased value in real estate. An incident worth mentioning occurred not many weeks ago, when, in ten days after purchasing a piece of property, the company was offered \$40,000 profit. With Los Angeles' harbor assured, it is safe to predict a steady increase in values.

Failures in One Week

Commercial failures last week in the United States, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., were 225, against 238 the week previous, and 248 the corresponding week last year. There were 72 in the east, 61 south, 63 west and 29 in the Pacific states, and 82 report liabilities of \$5,000 or more, against 69 the previous week. Liabilities of commercial failures reported for August are \$3,428,669, against \$2,693,080 for the same period last year.

Optimistic Outlook for Season's Crops
Chicago optimists have worked out from the government crop figures in the August report an estimated yield of 4,981,000,000 bushels of grain. This is 542,000,000 bushels more than the final returns of 1908, and 42,000,000 bushels in excess of the bumper crops

of 1906, when the aggregate was 4,839,000,000 bushels. Should corn suffer from drought in the next three months, this excess of 42,000,000 bushels might be wiped out, but it will take a larger loss than now seems possible. A comparative estimate of the crops, this year and last year, gives the yield of wheat 60,000,000 bushels more than last year, corn 277,000,000 bushels more, oats 191,000,000 bushels more, and barley 16,000,000 bushels more.

Gold Imports in the Autumn.

Discussing the international money markets, the London Statist says: The uncertainties of the situation rest with the United States. So far as can be measured, there will be a great demand for currency there this autumn in consequence of the abundance of the harvest and the improvement in trade, and it is doubtful if this demand for currency can be satisfied without imports of gold. Moderate imports would probably not disturb the London market, but they would doubtless induce bankers to be less eager to compete for bills, and would bring about somewhat higher rates of discount.

Golf and Tennis Players at Del Monte

Increasing interest is being manifested in the approaching golf and tennis tournaments to be held at Del Monte and the events bid fair to beat all records at that well-known resort. Not only will golfers and tennis players from San Francisco, Oakland, San Mateo, Burlingame and neighboring northern places engage in the events, but contestants from Los Angeles, Riverside and other cities of Southern California will be included. Among the competitors for the Del Monte golf championship, held this year for the first time, will be Douglas Grant, champion of the Pacific Coast Golf Association; Thomas P. Mumford, Vincent Whitney and E. Y. Hayne, winners of Del Monte cups; Captain J. S. Oyster, S. L. Abbott, Jr., R. M. Loeser of Palo Alto, Percy W. Selby, Perry Eyre, and J. A. Folger of the Burlingame Country Club; H. Spens-Black of Porterville, H. Gordon Pattee of Riverside, Alexander S. Lilley, William Pierce Johnson and W. S. Sample of the Claremont Country Club, Arthur J. Owen and Campbell White of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club; E. B. Braden, S. S. Day and D. L. Belden. Among the women who will compete for the Del Monte cup are Mrs. Martin Chase, Mrs. H. Gordon Pattee, Mrs. T. D. Hewitt and Miss Pillaus of the Victoria Club, Riverside; Mrs. George S. Garrett, Mrs. Harry Kearne, Mrs. J. LeRoy Nickel, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Miss Williams, Mrs. Herbert Munn (formerly champion of Southern California and of the Coronado County Club) of Washington, D. C., and Miss Alice Tobe of Chicago.

Additions to Del Monte Art Gallery

Members of the art committee met at Hotel Del Monte last Sunday, those present including Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, Miss Evelyn McCormick, Gottardo F. Piazzoni, Miss Emily Travis, Will Sparks, Dr. Arnold Genthe and James King Stode, secretary. Several new pictures were accepted and the entire gallery, which now is stronger than ever, was re-arranged. Among the notable additions to the collection are several French and Italian sketches by the young California artist, L. D. Boranda, whose work shows strong marks of Spanish influence. Two of Boranda's sketches in oils were bought recently by Mrs. A. N. Egely of Oakland.

Mulford Robinson's "City Beautiful"

Beautiful in its simplicity of design, and interesting in its straightforward statement of the requirements that will make Los Angeles one of the most beautiful cities in the world is the recently issued volume, "Los Angeles, California, the City Beautiful," in which is embodied the report of the Municipal Art Commission. The book is profusely and artistically illustrated, devoid of advertising, and the suggestions are sane and based upon excellent foundation. Charles Mulford Robinson, who is responsible for them, is the author of several books on civic art. The publisher of the artistic brochure is William J. Porter, whose "Bench and Bar," edited by Willoughby Rodman, was referred to in these columns a few months ago in high terms.

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Personal and Social

(Continued from page 11)

and Mrs. W. L. Graves for a fortnight, left the first of this week for her home in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Alexander and family of Dallas, Texas, are at the Hershey Arms for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller Clark of West Adams street are passing a part of the summer season at their Los Alamitos cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McConnell and Miss Jennie Wild will leave in September for a trip to Honolulu, Japan, China and the Philippines. They plan to start September 7.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Dukeman and daughter have left for an extended eastern trip. They plan to return in October.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Macdonnell of Pasadena will leave soon on a trip to British Columbia, where they will visit relatives of Mr. Macdonnell at Victoria. They also will view the Seattle exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer of this city have been guests for a few days at Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

In honor of Miss Jessie Morgan, one of the brides of the near future, Miss Lillian Moody entertained Wednesday with a daintily appointed luncheon at Hotel Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Caldwell of 1142 West Twentieth street have gone to Seattle for a month's visit.

Mrs. D. M. Riordan and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, have returned from their Seattle trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fryman and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Macfarlane were guests for a week of Mrs. Lottie Dudley at Oak Lodge in Millard canyon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stanton and family of 902 Grattan street are at Coronado for a fortnight's stay.

Members of a house party who will enjoy the pleasures of a week at Catalina in the near future are Miss Elsie Vanderpool, Miss Beulah Wright, Miss

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Perry, Mr. Warren Bovard and Mr. William Potter. The young folk will go over to the island August 29 and plan to remain a week.

Mrs. Joseph A. Lewis of Juliet street has returned after an absence of three weeks in Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer I. Moody and family of Center street, Pasadena, are home from Avalon, where they enjoyed an outing of several weeks.

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